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BOOK A



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VICTOR EMMANUEL II.

SECOND VOLUME



LIFE OF
VICTOR EMMANUEL II.

FIRST KING OF ITALY

BY

G. S. GODKIN



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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L I F E
OF
VICTOR EMMANUEL II.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ROBBER KING. A.D. 1860.

THE evening of New Year's day 1860, the king was at the theatre, and being in conversation with some gentleman of the court on public affairs, the subject of the Congress came up. 'Our cause is in good hands,' said the king, who knew that Cavour was near and overheard his words. 'It is confided to a very gifted advocate.' He glanced at the count with a smile, who bowed profoundly as he returned the smile. But notwithstanding this exchange of courtesies they were not reconciled. Cavour had consented to attend the Congress, but he was at variance with the ministers then in power, though both Ratazzi and La Marmora had been his personal friends; he was in favour of a more vigorous action in the national questions, and he thought they were timid and hesitating at a moment which called for a bold and resolute policy. The king's plenipotentiary had to put

himself in accord with the king's ministers before he was called to attend the Congress ; but notwithstanding prolonged discussions no conclusion was arrived at, to Victor Emmanuel's great vexation. Fresh complications arose every day, fresh disagreements in the cabinet, and a ministerial crisis was expected. The king, more and more annoyed, begged his ministers to try to come to some sort of understanding.

He felt he was drifting, in spite of himself, towards the painful necessity of calling Cavour to the head of affairs. He had consented to his representing Sardinia at the Congress, but he felt a great repugnance to replacing him in his old position as President of the Council. There was a struggle going on in Victor Emmanuel's soul which kept him in a state of painful perplexity. An accidental circumstance brought matters to a crisis.

Cavour, weary of disputing with the cabinet, resolved to retire for a while to his country seat of Leri. Before starting he paid a visit to his friend Sir James Hudson, and while in the house of the English minister, a gentleman sought him in haste with a message from the ministry, begging that he would send in writing his last conditions, to see if they could come to an understanding. Time was short, and to hasten matters Sir James Hudson seated himself at a table and said he would write from the count's dictation. The condition on which Cavour expressed himself willing to attend the Congress was that Parliament should be dissolved in the month of March. (It was then January 16.) The ministers

were not disposed towards a general election, and one of them in reading the letter recognised the English hand of Sir James Hudson. General La Marmora, offended at what he considered the interference of a foreign diplomatist in the internal affairs of the state, thereupon sent in his resignation.

The king was ill in bed, but he did not allow a moment's time to be lost. When he had made up his mind on the right course to pursue he acted with promptitude and decision. An officer was sent in hot haste to Palazzo Cavour with orders to bring the count back with him immediately. He was just stepping into his carriage to go to the station when the royal messenger caught him. The king received him coldly, as if the memory of the Villafranca interview had come to his mind.

Cavour's anger was passed ; perhaps he felt he had been wrong, if not in his advice, in his manner of giving it, and that some concession was due to the king who had sacrificed his pride in sending for him ; he remembered the close tie which had bound them together for seven years, labouring heart and soul for one common object ; and he made the *amende*, which at once restored him to the old confidential footing he occupied before the war. 'Do what you think best in everything,' said the king ; 'the responsibility of whatever happens will be yours.'

In five days Cavour had composed a new cabinet to his own taste. The Minister of War was General Fanti, who had commanded the army of the league in Central Italy ; which meant that it was the policy of the govern-

ment to annex those provinces. The gifted Count Mamiani, who had taken a prominent part in public affairs in 1848, and was a subject of the Pope, was made Minister of Public Instruction ; this too was not without a certain signification. There was joy in the disputed provinces when Cavour returned to power, and there was bitter vexation in the ranks of the *Codini*. The Chambers were dissolved ; and Massimo Azeglio was called once more from his retirement on Lago Maggiore and sent as governor to Milan.

In the month of February the king visited Lombardy in royal pomp, accompanied by Count Cavour and all the diplomatic body. The reception he met with was enthusiastic in the extreme. It is said that many Austrian officers were there *incognito* to judge with their own eyes how the population felt on the subject of the change.

The longer the central states remained under a provisional government, openly directed by the cabinet of Turin, the more difficult was the task of restoring the exiled princes. It was now seven months since the dukes had fled, and no power seemed to think it a duty to reseat them on the thrones they had justly forfeited. The idea of the Congress had been abandoned ; and as nothing seemed likely to be done by Europe with regard to Italian affairs, the government of Victor Emmanuel thought it was time to put an end to the state of uncertainty, which, if further prolonged, might be dangerous.

The greatest difficulty was not about the duchies, but the Legations. The late subjects of the Pope were

more resolute in maintaining the liberty they had just acquired, and more devoted to the dynasty of Savoy than the Tuscans, and naturally so, for the government from which they had violently wrenched themselves was much worse in every respect than that of the Lorraine family. Macaulay says it is not possible to be 'a good man and a bad king,' but if ever that paradox existed it was in the person of Pius IX., whose private character was so excellent, so loveable, and whose government was beyond all question atrocious. The state of affairs was much aggravated by the presence in the Pontifical States of bands of foreign mercenaries collected from all Catholic countries, who acted like a blister on the irritated and excited state of the public mind. Victor Emmanuel and his government thought it was time to take the initiative in settling the affairs of Central Italy, before some disturbance should give excuse for a fresh foreign intervention. It was evident that the Pope could not govern by himself without some foreign support, and the Sardinian Government was of opinion that this foreign support should be superseded by Italian arms.

Victor Emmanuel to Pius IX.

Most Blessed Father,—With your venerated autograph of December 3 last year, your holiness enjoins me to sustain before the Congress the rights of the Holy See. I must thank your holiness for the sentiments which counselled you to address yourself to me in these circumstances, and I should not have delayed

doing what you requested had the Congress met. I had expected that the meeting of the plenipotentiaries, then definitely decided, would respond in a more adequate manner than I could on the grave subject treated of in the letter which you did me the honour to address to me.

Your holiness, invoking my aid in recovering the Legations, appears to lay to my charge what has taken place in that part of Italy. Before confirming so severe a censure, I respectfully entreat your holiness to weigh the following facts and considerations.

A devoted son of the Church, descended, as you know, from a most religious race, I have always nourished a sense of sincere attachment, of veneration and respect, towards Holy Church and its august head. It never was, and it is not my intention to fail in my duties as a Catholic prince, or to curtail as far as in me lies, those rights and that authority which the Holy See exercises on earth by divine commission from heaven. But *I* also have sacred duties to fulfil, before God and man, towards my country and towards the people whom Divine Providence has confided to my government. I have always sought to reconcile the duties of a Catholic prince with those of an independent sovereign of a free and civilised nation, both in the internal rule of my states and in my foreign policy.

(Italy has been for many years torn by movements which all aim at the same object, the recovery of her independence. In those events my magnanimous

father took an important part, and, *following the impulse given from the Vatican*, attempted to redeem our country from the domination of the foreigner. In accepting this policy, I do not believe I am putting myself in opposition to the divine will, which cannot certainly be that nations should be divided between oppressors and oppressed.

As an Italian prince I wished to liberate Italy, and for that purpose I thought it my duty to welcome for the national war the concourse of all the populations of the peninsula. The Legations, for long years oppressed by foreign soldiers, rose in arms as soon as these were withdrawn. They proffered me at once the dictatorship and their assistance in the war. I who had done nothing to raise the insurrection, refused the dictatorship from respect for the Holy See ; but I accepted their assistance in the war of independence, because that was the sacred duty of all Italians. And when the presence of a daring leader was near putting in peril the peace of the provinces occupied by your holiness's troops, I used my influence to withdraw him from those provinces. Those people remained perfectly free from any outside influence, contrary to the advice of the most powerful and generous friend Italy ever had. They asked with extraordinary spontaneousness and unanimity to be annexed to my kingdom. Their desire was not acceded to. Nevertheless these people, who had formerly given such signs of discontent and caused continual apprehension to the court of Rome, have governed themselves for many

months in the most praiseworthy manner. They have provided for public affairs, for personal security, for the maintenance of order, for the guardianship of religion. It is a fact well known, and I have taken care to verify it, that in the Legations now the ministers of religion are protected and treated with respect, and the temples of God more frequented than formerly.

Be these things as they may, there is a general conviction that your holiness cannot recover these provinces unless by the force of arms, and foreign arms.

This your holiness cannot desire. Your generous soul, your evangelical charity, would shrink from shedding Christian blood to recover a province which, whatever be the issue of war, would remain morally lost to the government of the Church. The interests of religion do not require it.

These are dangerous times. It is not for me, a devoted son of the Church, to indicate the safest way to restore quiet to our country, and to re-establish on a solid basis the prestige and authority of the Holy See in Italy. At the same time I believe it my duty to lay before your holiness an idea of which I am fully convinced. It is this: that taking into consideration the necessity of the times: the increasing force of the principle of nationality: the irresistible impulse which impels the peoples of Italy to unite and order themselves in conformity with the model adopted by all civilised nations—an impulse which I believe demands my frank and loyal concurrence—

such a state of things might be established not only in the Romagna but also in the Marches and Umbria, as would reserve to the Church its high dominion and assure to the Supreme Pontiff a glorious post at the head of the Italian nation ; while giving the people of those provinces a share in the benefits that a kingdom, strong and highly national, secures to the greater part of Central Italy.

I hope that your holiness will take into benign consideration these reflections, dictated by a soul sincerely devoted to you : and that with your usual goodness you will accord me your holy benediction.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Turin, February 6, 1860.

This letter speaks for itself, and gives an admirable compendium of the story of the revolution from a Liberal standpoint. It expresses, only in more measured language, what all the Liberal party were saying, preaching, and writing, just as the Pope's reply in his encyclical letter, which we have not space for here, expresses what the Clerical party were saying, preaching, and writing. The utterances of the rival sovereigns, both honourable men, may be taken as an example of what human evidence is worth. But in reading these contradictory epistles, it is right to remember that Victor Emmanuel never lent his authority to any sort of false dealing or duplicity, that he was a man to inform himself accurately on such questions, and was, in fact, in a position to learn the truth easily ; while the Pope was very old, and growing feeble in mind as well as body, shut up in his

palace, and surrounded only by one class, whose interest it was to blind him as to facts, and incite him against the Nationalists ; and that this party, who alone had the ear of the Pope, defend the practice of ' pious frauds,' and do not hesitate to make false statements, if the end to be gained is a meritorious one. Would they be likely to consider it a sin to blacken the character of an impious people or government who wanted to rob the patrimony of St. Peter ?

The good Pope probably believed what he wrote, when he stated that in the provinces revolted from his rule all sorts of immorality had increased, and the most violent disorders prevailed. But nothing could be further from the truth. The fact was that those people never were so well-behaved and well-ordered as during the period when their fate was hanging in uncertainty. The reason is easy to understand ; their souls were filled with the ennobling enthusiasm for national existence, which while it lasted absorbed all baser passions ; they felt that ' the eyes of Europe were upon them,' and it behoved them, as Victor Emmanuel had said, to show themselves worthy to be citizens of a free nation.

The Pope had answered the king's proposition in his encyclical, which was a long indictment against him and his government ; but he was too courteous a gentleman not to reply by an autograph letter to that of his majesty. There was a grace and refinement—a something that the Italians call *poesia*—about Pio Nono, which gave him a great charm.

In the moment of his deep distress, for such it un-

doubtedly was, when a cardinal announced the fact of the annexation, saying, 'The provinces of the Romagna no longer belong to your holiness, but to the King of Sardinia,' he replied with a playful irony, 'When did those provinces ever belong to me?'

Pius IX. to Victor Emmanuel.

Your Majesty,—The idea which your majesty has thought well to lay before me is not wise, and certainly not worthy of a Catholic king, and a prince of the House of Savoy. My reply is already given to the press in the encyclical to the Catholic episcopacy, which you can easily read.

All else I have to say is that I am deeply afflicted, not for myself, but for the unhappy state of your majesty's soul, finding you unmoved by past censures, or by the fear of those still greater ones that must fall upon you when you have consummated the sacrilegious act which you and yours intend to put into execution.

With all my heart I pray the Lord to enlighten you with His grace, that you may recognise and weep for the scandals given, and the serious evils brought by your co-operation upon this poor Italy.

PIUS PP. IX.

From the Vatican, February 14, 1860.

This letter called for no answer in words, inasmuch as it put all compromise out of the question. It was then that Victor Emmanuel consummated what the

Ultramontanes call the great crime of his life, and what the Italian nation calls the most glorious achievement in modern history. Undaunted by the 'heavier censures' than those already promulgated, with which he was threatened, within a month from the receipt of the Pope's reply, he and his unholy minister had carried into effect their sacrilegious intentions. Once more the question was put to the vote in the popular assemblies, and once more the populations of Central Italy declared unanimously for annexation with free North Italy. So, after the prolonged trial of their faith and loyalty, they were at last received into 'the Italian family,' to their indescribable joy.

Having accomplished the work of spoliation, the robber king once more addressed himself to the Pontiff, thinking perhaps that the march of events, which he could not control, would convince him of the necessity of going along with the age to a certain extent.

Victor Emmanuel to Pius IX.

Most Blessed Father,—The events that have been accomplished in the provinces of the Romagna impose upon me the duty of explaining to your holiness with respectful frankness the reasons for my conduct.

Ten continuous years of foreign occupation in the Romagna, while it brought grave offence and injury to the independence of Italy, have not been able to give order to society, repose to the population, or authority to the government. The moment the foreign

occupation ceased, the government fell, without one arm to support or re-establish it. When left a prey to themselves, the people of the Romagna, hitherto held to be ungovernable, showed by a conduct which won the applause of Europe how easy it would be to introduce among them the order and discipline, civil and military, by which other civilised peoples are ruled. But the uncertainty of their precarious state—already too prolonged—was a danger to Italy and to Europe.

The hope of a European congress before which the question of Central Italy was to have been brought being abandoned, no other solution seemed possible than that of putting once more to the populations the question of their future destinies.

The universal vote for annexation to the constitutional monarchy of Piedmont was reconfirmed with such solemnity that I had to accept it definitely for the sake of the peace and the welfare of Italy. And for the same end of peace I am always disposed to render homage to the high sovereignty of the Apostolic See.

As a Catholic prince I do not feel that I offend against the immutable principles of that religion which with filial and unalterable devotion I glory to profess. But the changes now made regard the political interests of the nation, the order, moral and civil, of society,—regard the independence of Italy, for which my father lost his crown, and for which I should be ready to lose my life.

The difficulties of the present day overturn territorial dominions around us in a manner which the force of events has rendered necessary. To the necessity of the time all principalities have been obliged to yield, and the Holy See itself had to recognise it in ancient and modern days.

In such modifications of the sovereignty, justice and the civil reasons of state prescribe that every care should be taken to reconcile ancient rights with the new order of things ; and it is for this that, confiding in the benevolence and good sense of your holiness, I pray you to facilitate the work for my government, which on its side will neglect no precaution, no effort, to arrive at the desired end. If your holiness receives with benignity the present opening of negotiations, my government, ready to render homage to the high sovereignty of the Holy See, will also be disposed to supply in equal measure the diminution of its revenues, and to provide for the security and independence of the Pontiff.

Such are my sincere intentions, and such I believe the wishes of Europe. And now that I have candidly opened my mind to your holiness, I await your deliberations with the hope that, by means of the goodwill of governments, a satisfactory understanding may be arrived at, reposing on the agreement of the princes and on the contentment of the peoples, which will give a stable foundation to the relations of the two states.

From the gentleness of the Father of the faithful

I promise myself a benevolent reception which will give hope of extinguishing civil discord, pacify exasperated spirits, and relieve all of the grave responsibility of the evils that might arise from contrary counsels.

In this expectant confidence, I ask with reverence the Apostolic benediction.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Turin, March 20, 1860.

Six days after this letter was written the bull of excommunication was issued. Pio Nono cursed Victor Emmanuel, and with him his councillors, soldiers, and subjects, old and new, were all thrown out of the Catholic Church without further ceremony, as abandoned and incorrigible sinners. This was Pio's answer as Pope to the king's appeal for a reconciliation; but even when breathing anathemas he did not seem to be actuated by a personal animus, and he never withheld the courtesy of an autographic reply to Victor's letters. It is curious to observe in their correspondence how persistently the excommunicated monarch, after laying bare with the utmost unreserve his plans of spoliation, asks the Apostolic benediction; and it is also curious and noteworthy to see that the irate Pontiff indirectly responds at the end of each letter to the demand by promising to *pray for him*. The Pope's letters have the merit of being briefer than those of the king, but we must remember that Victor Emmanuel said all he wanted to say to the Pope himself, while Pio Nono made Christendom ring

with encyclicals, allocutions, and addresses of appalling length and wordiness.

Pius IX. to Victor Emmanuel.

YOUR Majesty,—The events that have taken place in some of the States of the Church impose on your majesty the duty, as you write me, of giving me an account of your conduct in relation to them. I might stop to combat certain assertions contained in your letter, and tell you, for example, that the foreign occupation in the Legations was for some time confined to Bologna, which never formed part of the Romagna. I might tell you that the supposed universal suffrage was imposed, not spontaneous (I abstain from asking your majesty's opinion of universal suffrage, and also from giving mine). I might tell you that the Pontifical troops were impeded from re-establishing the legitimate government in the insurgent provinces, for reasons well known to your majesty. These and other things I might tell you *à propos*. But that which above all imposes on me the duty of not accepting your majesty's plans, is the steady increase of immorality in those provinces, and the insults offered to religion and to her ministers, for which reason, even if I were not bound to hold intact the patrimony of the Church, by a solemn oath which hinders me from opening negotiations to diminish its extent, I should still find myself obliged to reject every project, in order not to stain my conscience by an ac-

quiescence that would lead me indirectly to sanction and participate in those disorders, and help to justify an unjust and violent spoliation. For the rest I not only cannot give a benevolent reception to the projects of your majesty, but instead I protest against the usurpation that you have carried out, to the harm of the State and the Church; and I leave on your majesty's conscience, and that of every other co-operator in the spoliation, the fatal consequences that may follow. I am persuaded that your majesty, on reading again, with a mind calmer, less prejudiced, and better informed as to facts, the letter you have addressed me, will find there many things to repent.

I pray the Lord to give you those blessings of which, in your present difficult circumstances, you have most need.

PIUS PP. IX.

From the Vatican, April 2, 1860.

This dignified and gentlemanly letter must command the sympathy and respect of everyone who looks only at the present trying position of the venerable Pontiff, forgetful of his antecedents. However narrow his views and his sympathies, he was acting according to the dictates of his conscience, and contrary to his worldly interests, for he knew well he had no power to withstand the overwhelming impetus of the national will. But the Romans could not forgive his apostasy in 1848. Had he never been a liberal reformer, and not broken his faith, solemnly plighted to the Italian cause, on which

he had repeatedly called God's blessing ; had he not abandoned his country in the extreme hour of her agonising struggle with the invader of her liberties ; had he not been borne back to his capital by foreign arms, and held on the throne by grinding oppression ; then, indeed, his subjects could not but have admired the firmness, courage, and fidelity to principle, however mistaken, which dictated this reply. But was the oath, they asked, not to diminish the patrimony of St. Peter, already diminished without his consent, more sacred than the pledge given to the national leaders and the Roman people ? Undoubtedly the Pope considered it so, and thought moreover that the general deportment of the Roman people in 1848—which was far from blameless—justified his abandonment of the Liberal cause.

Pio Nono was convinced that he was doing his duty, and sacrificing himself to a most sacred obligation by holding to the Church. Victor Emmanuel was as strongly and firmly convinced that he had a grand mission on this earth, which was to liberate and unite Italy in one state ; and he was fully persuaded that it was a sacred and bounden duty for him to accomplish that work. Each felt that on the triumph of his principles depended the happiness and well-being of his country, and nothing but evil could follow on the success of his adversary. So the Italian question became a duel between the head of the Church and the head of the State.

The excommunication, once such a terrible punishment, did not hurt Victor Emmanuel in the least, unless in a sentimental way. There were patriotic priests, and

bishops too, in Piedmont, who stood by their king, and administered the rites of the Church to him and his family. Nevertheless, his feelings were deeply hurt by the Pope's hostility, and he desired intensely to be reconciled to him. With an extraordinary perseverance he continued to write private and confidential letters, laying his views before him, and trying by every argument to convince him that political freedom did not mean any offence or injury to religion ; protesting that he was ready to make any compromise or sacrifice his holiness might demand, short of giving up his darling scheme of uniting Italy. The Pontiff's sovereignty should be guaranteed, his revenues secured ; in fact there should be no difference in his position, except that Italian instead of foreign arms should surround and protect the Holy See, and the tricolour united with the Pontifical colours, as in 1848, should float on the Capitol.

'The Pope will never abdicate,' said a friend to Cavour, as he was propounding his theory of 'a free Church in a free State.' 'We do not ask so much ; a tacit renunciation would be enough. And do you believe there is really anything to abdicate ? Do you think that temporal power still exists ?' asked the count, who maintained that the Pope would be more free and have more authority under Italian than French protection.

Victor Emmanuel's efforts to win upon the native gentleness of Pius IX., and rekindle in him a little spark of the old patriotic fire, proved fruitless ; to every

proposition he replied with the unvarying *Non possumus* which has become famous.

In the month of March the two dictators of Central Italy betook themselves to Turin to present the documents of the plébiscite, and lay down their authority at the feet of the constitutional monarch. To the addresses delivered by these gentlemen the king replied in equally complimentary terms.

Carlo Luigi Farini, Dictator of Emilia, to Victor Emmanuel.

Sire,—I have the honour to place in your hands the legal documents of the universal suffrage of the populations of the Emilia. Your majesty, who pitifully heard their *cry of anguish*, will welcome benignantly this pledge of faith and gratitude. Their legitimate wishes fulfilled, these populations, O sire, will have no other desire than that of deserving well of your majesty and of Italy, emulating in civil and military virtues the other peoples of your monarchy.

Baron Ricasoli, in the name of Tuscany, spoke to the same effect, but at more length.

Victor Emmanuel's Reply to Farini.

The manifestation of the national will, of which you bring me authentic testimony, is so universal and spontaneous that it re-confirms before Europe, in a different state of things and at a different time the

vote formerly expressed by the Assemblies of Emilia.

Such signal manifestations put a seal to the proofs of order, of perseverance, of love of country, of political wisdom, which in a few months have won for those people the sympathy and esteem of all the civilised world. I accept their solemn vote, and henceforth I will glory to call them my people.

In uniting to the constitutional monarchy of Piedmont, and making equal to her other provinces—not only the states of Parma and Modena, but also the Romagna—which already, of their own accord, had separated themselves from the Pontifical rule, I do not mean to lessen my devotion to the venerable head of the Church—a devotion which has been, and always will be, warm in my heart. As a Catholic and Italian prince I am always ready to defend that independence necessary to his supreme ministry, to contribute to the splendour of his court, and to render homage to his high sovereignty. The Parliament is about to unite. It will receive in its bosom the representatives of Central Italy with those of Piedmont and Lombardy, thus consolidating the new kingdom, and giving a larger prospect of assured liberty and independence.

To Baron Bettino Ricasoli, Dictator of Tuscany.

The homage that you bring me in fulfilment of the solemn vote already manifested by the Assembly in which was collected the flower of the Tuscan

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benefit is this for our country and for civilisation : but in order that it may bear good fruit it is necessary to persevere in the virtue of which you have given such a wonderful example ; and above all must be cultivated the firm readiness to make sacrifices, without which great enterprises are ill-accomplished and badly secured.

I place in you that faith which, not in vain, you have placed in me. The condition which binds us indissolubly is, honour towards our common country, and universal civilisation. I have not in the past had any other ambition than to hazard my life for the independence of Italy, and to give the people an example of loyalty which, restoring the public *morale*, united with liberty, should give a solid foundation to the state. I have now the ambition to procure to myself and to my family, from the people just united, that devoted affection for which the Subalpines are celebrated ; I am ambitious to fortify the Italians in those noble sentiments by which is formed the strong temperament of peoples who know how to bear adversity and prepare for good fortune.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Turin, March 25, 1860.

The elections took place on the same day, amidst great excitement, and ovations for those who had been most active in the work of uniting the provinces. Count Cavour was elected in no less than eight constituencies, Farini and Ricasoli in several. All the most

gifted and distinguished men in Italy were sent to that Parliament in Turin, and were received by the Subalpines with an enthusiastic and brotherly welcome ; and the robber king congratulated himself and his accomplices on the great work of spoliation successfully accomplished.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KING OF ELEVEN MILLION SUBJECTS. A.D. 1860.

VICTOR EMMANUEL was now at the head of a kingdom containing about eleven million inhabitants, as the emperor had calculated in a conversation with the Sardinian ambassador before the annexations, to which he was a consenting party, had been effected. It was a glorious triumph to be made ruler of those provinces which had forced themselves, so to speak, into his kingdom—to gain the jurisdiction of which not a drop of blood had been shed ; and no man could enjoy more thoroughly such a triumph than King Victor. But there is no rose without a thorn. The price had to be paid for French aid in the recovery of Lombardy and the tacit consent of the emperor to the annexation of the Central Provinces. Victor Emmanuel had already sacrificed his daughter on the altar of Italian independence ; she, filled with the enthusiasm of her family, like Jephtha's daughter surrendered herself willingly ; nevertheless the sacrifice wrung the paternal heart.

And now the second instalment of the debt to his 'august and generous ally' had to be rendered in the cession of Nice and Savoy—the latter the dearest pro-

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deputations who waited on him with affectionate reproaches, that the question should be decided by their votes. It was hard to tell his faithful subjects, who had been so devoted to him and his dynasty, that they must transfer their allegiance to another sovereign, and that he *wished* them to do so. He did it, however, saying that, though he felt the separation to be a terrible sacrifice, he knew they would be equally prosperous when united to France ; he hoped they would be good subjects to the emperor, but he begged them not to forget the old country, as he never could forget the proofs they had given of devotion to him and to the national cause.

On March 24 the treaty was signed, and at the same time the king issued an address to the inhabitants of Nice and Savoy, trying to reconcile them to the change by reminding them of the affinity of race, language, and customs between them and the French. Unwillingly the Savoyards gave their consent to be disunited from the mother country ; but the transfer was effected without any serious disturbance, in spite of the passionate protests of a few fiery spirits like Garibaldi. Nice was the birthplace of the great volunteer, and his grief and indignation knew no bounds when he learned that it had been transferred to a foreign rule.

The Parliament was opened on April 2 with unusual pomp. The representatives of the new states, the most distinguished men of Southern and Central Italy, mingled with the Sardinian and Lombard senators and deputies in taking the oath of allegiance. It was a roll-call of illustrious names, among which were Man-

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made that which has cost my heart dear. Subject to the vote of the people, the approbation of Parliament, and the consent of Switzerland with regard to the guarantees of international rights, I have made a treaty for the reunion of Savoy and Nice to France.

Here the royal speaker's voice grew thick, and he could hardly finish the sentence. He paused a minute or two before he resumed in his usual firm sonorous accents.

Many difficulties we have yet to overcome, but sustained by public opinion and the love of my people, I shall not allow the least of their rights or liberties to be injured. Though firm as my fathers were in the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and reverence for its Supreme Head, should the ecclesiastical authorities adopt spiritual arms for temporal interests, I, with a safe conscience, and reposing in the traditions of my fathers, will find strength to maintain entire civil liberty and my authority,—of which I owe account only to God and my people.

The provinces of the Emilia have had an administration in conformity with that of the older provinces; but with regard to Tuscany, which has had laws of its own, a particular temporary provision is necessary.

The shortness of the time and the rapidity of events have prevented the preparation of the laws which must give stability and strength to the new state. In the first period of this legislature you will only have to discuss the most urgent questions. My

ministers will then prepare, with due consultation, the designs on which you must deliberate in the second period.

Founded on the *Statuto*, the unity, political, military, and financial, the uniformity of laws, civil and penal, and the progressive administrative liberty of the province and the commune, will renew in the Italian people that vigorous and brilliant life which in other forms of European civilisation was produced by the self-government of the municipalities, but which in the present day is rejected by the constitution of a strong state and the genius of the nation.

Gentlemen Senators,—Gentlemen Deputies,—In turning our attention to the new ordering of affairs, not seeking in old parties other than the memory of the services rendered to the common cause, we invite all sincere opinions to a noble emulation that we may attain the grand end of the well-being of the people and the greatness of the country. It is no longer the Italy of the Romans, nor that of the Middle Ages ; it must no longer be the battle-field of ambitious foreigners, but it must be rather the Italy of the Italians.

On April 15 the king embarked at Genoa and landed at Leghorn, in order to make a tour through his new dominions. He was welcomed with indescribable enthusiasm in all the towns through which he passed ; and beautiful Florence was decorated for his reception with the exquisite taste which distinguishes her

inhabitants. Triumphal arches in imitation of antique marble, festooned with evergreens, were erected at the ends of the streets, the whole fronts of the houses were draped in flowers, the pavements were carpeted with laurels and bays, the tricolour floated from every window and housetop, and the passage from the railway station to the Palazzo Vecchio was one continual shout of applause.

‘Why such frantic joy?’ asked a distinguished foreigner of a lad who was clapping his hands and cheering vociferously at the sight of his new sovereign.

‘We are Eleven Million Italians!’ was the reply. Mamiani, who accompanied the king on his tour, thus describes the effect :—

I believe that rarely if ever has there been recorded in the history of any people such an entry of a prince into a newly annexed province as that of our king ; and I who have been many times witness of the enthusiasm feel quite incapable of giving an account of it. In the chief cities where he passed he excited an ardour, an intoxication of pure universal joy, to which no pen and no style can do justice. I will only say that at his presence there arose from the thickly-packed and enthusiastic multitude, a thunder of applause that never ceased, and that resounded high above all other noises of carriages, of bells, of artillery, which were completely extinguished and drowned. Over the king and around him fell incessantly, continually, the loveliest flowers, like thick rain. At every step there

the brink of the grave, and Victor was profoundly moved by it.

The beauty of the language we cannot render ; we can but hope to convey the sentiments expressed in that address.

G. B. Niccolini to Victor Emmanuel.

I come, O sire, although bowed down by years and ill-health, I come with infirm step and with unutterable emotion which renders me almost mute, to revere in you the liberty-loving monarch, the stupendous example to the world of loyalty, the first soldier of the war of Italian independence, the elect of the people, the desire, the joy of all Italy. And if it be permitted to me, O sire, I come to express the joy of my soul, to tell you that when I wrote, more than thirty years ago, these poor lines,—

Qui necessario estimo un Rè possente.
Sia di quel Rè scettro, la spada, e l' elmo
La sua corona ; le divise voglie
A concordia riduca, a Italia sani
Le servili ferite e la ricrei,—

I did not dare to hope for a fate so benignant as to see, before closing these eyes for ever to the sweet light of Italy, my most ardent desire for you fulfilled.

Still, if I have ever desired that my humble words might carry power with them, I had it in my soul last year, when, with the assistance of a young friend, almost a son in my affections, I gave to the light one of the books which with a frank and reverent love I

MANUEL II.

Manuel recommends to all the
Greeks to elect a worthy
king, and every effort to unite
the constitutional and heroic

Manuel was on this tour, taking
the unmixt provinces amidst the
and 'Eleven Million Italians,' far
in Sicily, the inhabitants of
unable longer to support the
in a formidable rebellion
found it impossible to crush.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE REVOLUTION OF NAPLES. A.D. 1860.

IN the latter part of the year 1859 and the beginning of 1860, the kingdom of Naples had become the seat of secret intrigues set on foot by the court of Vienna, in which Cardinal Antonelli, the widow of Ferdinand II., and the young King Francis took an active part. A continual correspondence was kept up between Vienna, Rome, and Naples on the subject of the restoration of the old *régime* in Italy. The conspiracy was already on foot when Victor Emmanuel was frankly offering his alliance to Francis, begging him to make himself *Italian*. 'I do not understand what is meant by Italian independence,' said Francis, 'I only recognise the independence of Naples.'

The Count of Syracuse, brother of the late king, who had been banished and despoiled of his property for marrying an English lady, and other offences against the traditions of his house, now made earnest appeals to his nephew to save the family from everlasting infamy before it was too late: but Francis was deaf to all entreaty, and the Count of Syracuse finally washed his

hands of him, and threw himself into the arms of the national party.

In spite of the great caution observed, the astuteness of Count Cavour was able to discover the existence of the conspiracy alluded to, all the secrets of which have never transpired, though enough proofs have come to light to reveal the fact that Antonelli was the leading spirit, as the following notes to the Neapolitan Government will show :

Albano, Oct. 9, 1859. [Most private].

I return this moment from an audience with the Holy Father at Castillo. H. H. has conceded the authorisation of the eventual passage of our troops through the Roman territory on the line parallel to the Tronto. Mons. Bernardi will go this evening to tell Card. Antonelli. The Holy Father desires this agreement to remain strictly secret.

DE MARTINO.

Jan. 6, 1860.

The Austrian ambassador labours strenuously to push the Holy Father to the most extreme resolutions. A Catholic League, he says, can alone save the Pontificate and society.

DE MARTINO.

To form this league an earnest appeal was made to Spain, as the Most Catholic power ; but the minister, O'Donnell, firmly refused his sanction to engaging in a war against Italy, 'because of the unpopularity' which would attach to it.

Meantime it was noted by the Piedmontese Government that Neapolitan troops were being concentrated in the Abruzzi, and that foreign volunteers, collected from all countries, were pouring into the Pontifical States.

The intrigues we have mentioned were known to the King of Sardinia and his minister, but not to the public, when Garibaldi was allowed to equip two vessels and convey his followers to the aid of the Sicilian insurgents. That the government shut its eyes to the proceedings of the volunteer chief there is no manner of doubt now, though at the time, and even afterwards, it was a subject of dispute, for Cavour with a masterly dissimulation neither denied nor affirmed his complicity in the undertaking. When Francis II. not only rejected Victor Emmanuel's offer of friendship, but engaged in a secret conspiracy for the overthrow of his power and the destruction of Italian independence, it became clear to the Turin Government that only a deadly war could settle the long-standing quarrel with the Bourbon, and nothing prevented their declaring it but the disapprobation of the great powers, and the shifting, inconsistent policy of their French ally.

It was not to be expected that the news of the insurrection in Palermo (April 6) should be received with anything but pleasure, or that the Sardinian Government would throw any impediment in the way of the volunteers going to the aid of the Sicilians. Garibaldi, who always held himself a free agent, and bound to any government only so long as his opinions and theirs coincided, had

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the material position which Russia occupied, and directed his minister to telegraph to Turin his profound indignation, demanding the punishment of the authorities at Genoa, and inquiring if the filibustering Captain Garibaldi still wore the uniform of his Sardic majesty? The English naval officers at Genoa looked on encouragingly, if they did not aid in the embarkation of the Italian volunteers: and their conduct was also described as *infâme*.

Cavour bore this cross-fire of diplomatic batteries directed against him with wonderful courage and calmness, and ably defended himself and his ministry from attacks on every side. Why, he asked, should Sardinia throw herself in the way of an enterprise against an incorrigible government? What right had the world to expect that she was bound to hinder Garibaldi's disembarkation in Sicily? If the Irish and Austrian volunteers could overrun Italy in order to form a Pope's Brigade, without let or hindrance, the Government of Turin could not, without divorcing itself from the national cause, forbid the Ligurian cruisers to carry Italian men to render that aid to the Sicilians which brothers in distress have a right to expect from brothers. And if Giuseppe Garibaldi had raised the standard of popular war, and the flower of Italian youth were enlisted in his troop, the monarchy could not without destroying the foundation of its strength, wrest the arms from the hands of those gallant volunteers. It would be to throw Italy into complete anarchy. In short, Victor Emmanuel and his government were pledged to the national cause,

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badly. The diplomatists do not molest us too much. Russia made a fearful hubbub—Prussia less. The Parliament has much sense. I await your letters with impatience.

CAVOUR.

The diplomatists did not allow him much respite however. Garibaldi's increasing successes in Sicily alarmed the Bourbon government for Naples ; and special envoys were despatched to London and Paris to invoke the aid of those powers to protect the Neapolitan coast against the 'filibusters.' France proposed a truce with Garibaldi for six months ; Victor Emmanuel's government would only consent to interfere with the volunteer movement on condition of the absolute approval of England—which they knew would not be given. Not only did England positively refuse to intervene, but she protested against France doing so. Count Cavour then wrote a statement of facts to Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, to further strengthen the national cause ; and also exhorted the Marquis d'Azeglio to use all his influence in England on behalf of the Sicilians.


The infamous government of Naples, and the horrible sufferings of political prisoners, had become generally known after the escape of Poerio and his companions, and had excited sentiments of indignation and pity in the British Isles, where so many miserable exiles had found refuge in former times, before liberal Piedmont opened an asylum for them. These banished ones

were the flower of the population. In 1853, Charles Dickens, visiting Naples after many years, records the following dialogue in his correspondence :—

‘I knew a very remarkable gentleman when I was last here,’ I said to a Neapolitan marchese who came to see me the night I arrived : ‘a very remarkable gentleman, who had never been out of his own country, but was perfectly acquainted with English literature, and had taught himself to speak English in that wonderful manner that no one would have known that he was a foreigner. I am very anxious to see him, but I forget his name.’ He named him, and his face fell directly. ‘Dead?’ said I. ‘In exile.’ ‘Ah, dear me!’ I said, ‘I have looked forward to seeing him more than anyone in this country.’ ‘What would you have?’ said the marquis in a low voice. ‘He was a remarkable man—full of knowledge, full of spirit, full of generosity. Where should he be but in exile? Where could he be?’

That word *exile* is a mournful sound in all countries and all languages ; but in Italian it is pregnant with a bitter anguish which northerners, however well they love their country, cannot fully understand. An Italian prefers to live at home in poverty rather than enjoy wealth and luxury abroad—and to banish him from his native place is like tearing his heartstrings out by the roots.

In historical questions the evidence of a romancist is not admissible ; but a good novel will be read by



thousands who do not care to examine historical evidence ; and so the romancist wields a mighty power over the sympathies of his fellow-men. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* excited the indignation of the whole world against Negro slavery ; and Giovanni Ruffini's exquisite story, *Doctor Antonio*, in which he depicted so feelingly and truthfully the wrongs of his country, did no small service to the Italian cause. The sympathies of the English nation were now entirely with the revolution ; subscriptions were collected in aid of the Sicilian rebels and the volunteer army ; and the great pirate himself became the idol of young English enthusiasm to an extraordinary degree, considering that he was a total stranger. When Englishmen felt so strongly on the subject, what must have been the feelings of young Italians when this last great struggle for nationality was going on !

A frenzied enthusiasm took possession of the population ; young men of all classes left their employments and their studies, and hastened to take part in the great work of Italian redemption. The *camicia rossa* was the most glorious of uniforms ; Garibaldi was a matchless hero, to whom the history of ancient or modern times presented no equal ; he was a Cincinnatus, a Belisarius, a Washington, a Kosciusko, all in one. In fact the gallant chief, all unconsciously on his part, began to rival the soldier-king in the affections of the nation. Victor Emmanuel, so far from being jealous, felt nothing but intense pleasure in all this feverish enthusiasm, in which he shared as warmly as any one of the

volunteers. His only trouble was that he could not show his sympathy more openly ; but Cavour as usual restrained him. The count could bear, for the sake of the cause he had at heart, to be misunderstood by the public, and blamed for checking the king's generous impulses ; but he wished to set himself right with Garibaldi, for whom he had a great admiration, and many kind messages he sent him through Admiral Persano.

‘Assure General Garibaldi,’ he writes, ‘that not less than he do I desire to complete the great enterprise ; in order to succeed it is indispensable that we work in concert, at the same time adopting different means.’

Again :—

Turin, July 13.

Signor Ammiraglio,—This moment I received your letter, for which I thank you. Declare formally in my name to General Garibaldi that it is a solemn falsehood that there exist other secret treaties ; and that the rumours of the cession of Genoa or Sardinia are set on foot by the arts of our common enemies.

CAVOUR.

Turin, July 28.

Most esteemed Admiral,—I received your letters on the 23rd and 24th. I am rejoiced by the victory of Milazo, which honours the Italian arms, and must help to persuade Europe that the Italians are now determined to sacrifice life itself to recover liberty and country. I pray you to give my sincere and warm congratulations to General Garibaldi, etc.

CAVOUR.

CHAPTER XX.

KING OF ITALY.

MEANTIME the Papal Government had been collecting mercenaries from all parts of the world, and the Pope invited General Lamoricière to take the command of his heterogeneous army. This general had been one of the French commanders at the siege of Rome in 1848, when he had uttered the never-to-be-forgiven, never-to-be-forgotten words: *Les Italiens ne se battent pas*. That was before he had measured swords with the Italians in Rome, after which he had reason to change his opinion, though it is not recorded that he retracted it. No injury that his arms had inflicted on the suffering city was remembered half so bitterly as this insult. He now set out on his second crusade, declaring that he was ready to unsheathe his sword against this modern *Islamism*—an expression which excited great indignation in Piedmont. ‘This brave General Lamoricière,’ said Victor Emmanuel, with a scornful laugh, ‘baptises us for Turks, and transforms the Sabaud cross into a crescent. He may learn yet that we are the true crusaders.’

Just at this time the Count of Syracuse, finding all

remonstrances with his nephew hopeless, took refuge with the King of Sardinia. The adhesion of this middle-aged Bourbon, so closely allied to the throne of Naples, was a significant fact, and Victor Emmanuel gave him a cordial welcome.

Francis II., after some months' fighting, and vain appeals for help to other powers, finding it impossible to stem the tide of war, began slowly to take in the idea that the spirit of nationality was something too powerful for him to combat, and that, to save his throne from wreck, the only chance was an appeal to Victor Emmanuel. It was too late. The idea of Italian unity had progressed with giant strides since the Sardinian envoy had been dismissed from the court of Naples with a rejection of the proffered alliance. Even if Victor Emmanuel had willed to restore the Bourbon power, he could not have done it now with the victorious Sicilians and volunteers ready to cross the Strait of Messina. The Neapolitan plenipotentiaries were received with due courtesy, and a dinner given in their honour; but they were made to understand that the day of compromise was passed; Italian unity must be accomplished.

Nevertheless, Victor Emmanuel wrote privately to Garibaldi, asking him to content himself with Sicily for the present, and not cross to the mainland. But Garibaldi had independent ideas of serving his king and country. He entered Calabria as soon as circumstances permitted, swept across the country like an avalanche, driving the Bourbon troops before him everywhere, and took possession of the capital, from whence the king had fled.

Capua and Gaeta still held out, but their surrender was a mere question of time. .

Some sort of governing head was necessary for the order of the kingdom thus set at liberty, and Garibaldi was elected Dictator. Very soon serious differences arose between the Government of Turin and the dictator. Garibaldi thought it better for the national interests to hold Naples unannexed till Rome was also liberated, and the volunteers might then present all Italy, united, to Victor Emmanuel. He asked the king's consent to a two years' dictatorship, and demanded at the same time the dismissal of Cavour from office.

The minister became seriously alarmed ; not for himself—his position was too well-assured for any fear of that :—but the growing power and popularity of the general threatened to take the national cause out of the legitimate hands of the monarchy, and put it into those of the republican party, with whom Garibaldi had old and strong ties. Cavour resolved to appeal to Parliament, and let the representatives of the nation decide the question. They voted for immediate annexation. The question was, would the erratic chief who had conquered the kingdom of Naples with a band of volunteers, submit to the decision of Parliament? It is true that his war-cry had been *Vittorio Emanuele e l' Italia !* but there were many Mazzinians at Naples, and Cavour feared that he might be strongly influenced by them. He never for a moment accused him of personal ambition, for he knew how to read the human heart much better than the hero of Milazo.

resolved to be free, and if Victor Emmanuel would not be their head, they would find one more dangerous to the peace of Europe ; therefore it behoved him and his government to take the guidance of the revolution into their own hands, so that they might conduct it the more speedily to a peaceful termination, and establish an order of things that would prevent a recurrence of these troubles.

Order of the Day.

Soldiers!—You enter the Marches and Umbria to restore civil order in the desolated cities, and to give liberty to the people to express their own wishes. You will not have to combat powerful armies, but to liberate unhappy Italian provinces from companies of foreign adventurers. You do not go to avenge the insults offered to me and to Italy, but to prevent popular hatreds from breaking out into vengeance on bad rulers. You will teach them the pardon of offences, and show an example of Christian tolerance to those who stupidly compared to *Islamism* the love of the Italian country.

In peace with all the great powers, and far from giving any provocation, I wish to remove from Central Italy a continual cause of turbulence and discord. I will respect the seat of the Head of the Church, to whom I am always ready to give, in accord with the allied and friendly powers, all those guarantees of independence and security, which his blind councillors have in vain promised him from the fanaticism of a

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so bitterly, against the ecclesiastical government. But irritated and indignant as he was, he was careful to prevent his soldiers avenging the insults that had been heaped upon him and the national cause. He gave the strictest orders to the commanding officers—and, after the fall of the papal power, to his representatives in those provinces—to be moderate and patient with the *Clericali*, and to treat the prisoners with the same consideration as the royal troops.

The governors of the newly-acquired provinces were men of distinguished ability and high character. The Marquis Pepoli was sent to Umbria, Signor Valerio to the Marches, and the Marquis Gualterio to Perugia. The present Pope, Leo XIII., was then Bishop of Perugia, and his good sense and moderation formed a contrast to the conduct of the other bishops. He not only did not embarrass the government by useless opposition, but he assisted in maintaining order in his diocese, though he had not, nor has he now, any sympathy with liberalism.

Cavour had tried in vain to persuade the great powers that the sudden descent on the Papal States was a necessity to save society from anarchy; all except England, who gave her open approval, expressed themselves greatly shocked by the audacious proceeding; Prussia, Russia, Austria, and even France, recalled their ambassadors. The Eldest Son of the Church could not openly approve of the spoliation of the Holy Father, though he had said 'strike quickly' when consulted on the subject, and his representative, M. Talleyrand, took

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Towards the end of September the king paid a visit to the newly-acquired provinces, and was received at Ancona amidst a perfect ovation on the part of the soldiers, the citizens, and the peasantry, who hailed him as Liberator of Italy.

Order of the Day.

Soldiers!—I am pleased with you because you have proved yourselves worthy of Italy. By your arms you have conquered the enemy, and by your conduct the calumniators of the Italian name. The vanquished ones whom we shall set free will speak of you and of Italy to foreign peoples. They will have learned that God rewards those who serve him with justice and charity; not those who oppress the peoples and trample on the rights of nations.

A strong Italian monarchy must be founded on liberty; by order and concord the people will aid us; and the national army will add fresh lustre to the glory that for eight centuries has shone on the cross of Savoy.

Soldiers, I take the command. It costs me too much not to be first in moments of danger.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Ancona, October 4, 1860.

To the Marines.

Soldiers of the Navy!—You have deserved well of me and of your country. Your exploits under the

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sure you do not push forward too rapidly? We must be patient and moderate.'

But all the clergy were not opposed to Victor Emmanuel. When at Ancona he paid a visit to the Holy House of Loreto, and greatly edified the community by his reverential bearing. The canons invited the royal visitor to lunch, and he accepted. Subsequently he went to visit the Jesuits' college, converted into a temporary hospital after the battle of Castelfidardo. Victor Emmanuel's tenderness for the sick soldiers had done much to endear him to the army. He was a constant visitor to the hospitals, cheering the invalids by his kind encouraging words, by presents of cigars, and various little favours—the value of which chiefly consisted in the fact that they came directly from the royal hand. Many anecdotes the volunteers tell of his *bonhomie*, his gentleness, his sympathy for suffering. His genial presence brought light and animation to the pale faces of the sick and wounded soldiers.

'Your wound is slight?' asked the king of a youth whose bright smiling face attracted him. 'Not very, your majesty,' was the reply, as he lifted from under the covering a bandaged stump. He was promised promotion. Those whose families were in bad circumstances had money given them. When the king came to a poor fellow whose head was all bandaged up he asked, 'Are you wounded severely?'

'Your majesty, I have lost my eyes,' replied the patient. The king bent his head sadly. No money nor promotion could heal such a wound as this; but he made

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embraced representatives of all the states of Italy except Naples. The king marched southwards to take possession of that kingdom, and before starting he issued a proclamation *To the People of South Italy*, which was a *résumé* of the history of his reign from the day of Novara to the present time, with an explanation of his policy and the motives which had guided him. As it is a lengthy address, and deals with facts already recorded here, it is not necessary to transcribe it. We give the concluding paragraph :—

People of South Italy,—My troops advance among you to maintain order ; I do not come to impose my will upon you, but to see that yours is respected. You will be able to manifest it freely. That Providence which protects just causes will guide the vote which you will place upon the urn. Whatever be the gravity of the events which may arise, I await tranquilly the judgment of civilised Europe and of history, because I have the consciousness of having fulfilled my duty as king and as an Italian. In Europe my policy perhaps will not be without effect in helping to reconcile the progress of the people with the stability of the monarchy. In Italy I know that I close the era of revolutions.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Given in Ancona, October 9, 1860.

As a proof that some of the priests were national in their sympathies, it is recorded that on October 15, before the plébiscite, in a church in the Abruzzi, there was

the king, and four king
 and his associates took part.
 passionately desirous
 of thousands of signatures
 to the immediate plébiscite.
 he said it would
 be a reason for passing
 the law by us, or it runs
 he said to Dr. Tom-
 masei to take part in the re-
 sult, but he does not know
 the situation. We alone

worked with two Neapolitan
 doctors, Dr. Tommasi and
 another, to supply him with
 medicine in the country. A
 Neapolitan met him as
 he was going of him to hasten
 his return, he needed to calm
 the minds of the inhabitants. He
 returned on horseback,
 after partaking of
 food, resting till late in
 the evening in a country house or
 in a room, in reading and
 writing telegrams which
 he sent to his friends and rarely
 to his family. He was always
 in a hurry. At the

close of one such day when the king and his followers had ridden through a heavy rain for many hours, Dr. Tommasi, not being acquainted with his new sovereign's habits, remarked that his majesty must be fatigued. 'I,' said Victor with a frown, 'I am never tired.'

During this journey the king talked freely to his new subjects, and showed much intelligent curiosity about the kingdom of Naples. He was astonished at the want of proper roads through the country, and he could hardly believe some things that he was told about the scarcity of schools and teachers.

'I cannot understand,' said the citizen-king, 'how even a despotic sovereign should wish to abase the civil condition of his own state. But where the light of liberty does not illuminate a government it is blind.' He talked a great deal about the political prisoners, particularly Poerio, and asked Devincenzi to tell him all about him. Ferdinand had offered him (Poerio) liberty, if he would ask pardon, and the prisoner replied, 'Not I, but the king, ought to ask pardon. He has destroyed the constitution he had sworn to defend, he has oppressed his fellow-citizens. I will never bow to what I think wrong.'

'Bravo, bravo!' cried Victor, enthusiastically, 'those are the sort of men that I like.' Then after discussing the Neapolitan character he said, 'It seems to me that among you there is no medium; you are either very good or very bad, either a Poerio or——'

He did not finish the sentence, but it is easy to supply the ellipsis by the next question :—

‘Have you ever known Ferdinand II.?’

‘Yes, sire.’

‘And was he the monster that so many say?’

Devincenzi replied by narrating some facts about the late king.

‘Perhaps,’ suggested Victor Emmanuel, ‘he was under the influence of the Jesuits, and that want of spirit was the cause of some of his errors. You must know that it took all my strength to resist them, and without a character of iron I could not have succeeded. But what a struggle I had.’

The conversation one day turned upon England, where Signor Devincenzi had lived; and Victor showed himself very anxious to know how he was regarded in that country.

Sir James Hudson often assured him of the good-will of his compatriots. ‘But,’ said the king, ‘he is attached to our cause, and his opinion may be biassed by friendship.’

When Signor Devincenzi told him that it was true that he was really much esteemed by the English people, he replied,—

‘I am very glad. I have a great respect for the English nation, and I desire that my Italians may deserve the reputation the English enjoy.’

It came quite natural to Victor to call them ‘my Italians;’ he had long regarded them as his; for, as Signor Massari had said, ‘Before the victories and the plébiscites had given him the crown of Italy, he was our king, he reigned in our hearts;’ and now he

felt he was in truth no longer the Sardic, but the Italian king.

One bright morning as the king, at the head of his troops, and surrounded by his generals, set out for the day's ride, he saw another body of horsemen approaching, which proved to be the Red Shirts, with their gallant chief in the midst, come to lay down the dictatorship at the feet of his constitutional sovereign. Garibaldi's picturesque figure, with the grey mantle flung over the red shirt, his auburn locks blowing in the wintry breeze, was easily distinguishable by the keen eyes of Victor Emmanuel. The two leaders rode quickly forward, and when near enough to salute, Garibaldi reined up his horse, and said in an agitated voice, 'King of Italy!'

'I thank you,' was the simple response of *il Rè galantuomo*. They clasped hands and stood looking at each other in eloquent silence, the black eyes and the blue flashing forth mutual congratulations, while the royal troops and Garibaldians, mingling together fraternally, rent the air with joyous acclamations. *Viva Vittorio, Rè d'Italia! Viva Garibaldi! Viva l'Italia!* were the cries echoed again and again over the country.

Alas for the instability of human friendship! Who that had seen Victor and Garibaldi riding

——— hand in hand,
'Neath the blue sky of their regenerate land

on that happy day, could have guessed that the future held in store for them such dark ones as Aspromonte and Mentana?

On November 7 Victor Emmanuel made a triumphal entry into Naples, amidst the wildest demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. Deputations of citizens of all classes struggled with each other to have the first word from the king, to give him the first welcome, and express their gratitude and affection.

'I have hastened my coming,' said he to a friend, 'to save the country from a civil war.'

'Your majesty's name exercises a perfect fascination on General Garibaldi,' said Pisanelli.

'I know it,' replied the king. 'I never for a moment doubted Garibaldi's great soul; but I have good reason to suspect many who are about him, and who might exercise a fascination upon him even more potent than mine, because nearer.'

The king and the dictator drove through Naples in the same carriage, amid the frantic plaudits of the populace, who almost went mad with the excitement of having two such heroes to fête at the same time.

Then Garibaldi, refusing all the honours and emoluments which his grateful sovereign wished to bestow, went his way, still a poor soldier of fortune, to his lonely Isle of Caprera.

CHAPTER XXI.

BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND THE WILL OF THE
NATION. A.D. 1861.

DURING the last days of December, Victor Emmanuel was on his homeward journey from the southern provinces, and he arrived in Turin just two days before the expiration of the eventful year of 1860. As in the central provinces and in Naples, so in Sicily, he had travelled through the country on horseback, and made himself acquainted with that land of brigands as far as it was possible in a hasty tour. It would but weary the reader with vain repetitions to recite all the ovations that greeted him in every town, all the graceful demonstrations of loyalty and gratitude which his presence called forth. Enough to say that his journey was like the triumphal march of a hero who had saved his country from destruction and covered her with glory. Dearly as he loved popularity, his soul must have been satiated with plaudits before he found repose and quiet in his palace at Turin, with his own faithful but less demonstrative Subalpines round him.

On the first day of the new year Farini, Viceroy of Naples, resigned office because of a domestic affliction,

and the Prince of Carignano was appointed in his stead. A royal proclamation to the Neapolitans said :—

I do not know how to give you a better proof of my affection than in sending you my beloved cousin Prince Eugenio, to whom I am accustomed in my absence to confide the administration of the monarchy.

Naples, however, was not quite free from the Bourbons. Gaeta still held out, though besieged by Cialdini and Menabrea; and the fortresses of Messina and Civitella were still in possession of the adherents of the fallen dynasty. The French fleet hovered about under the pretence of protecting the coast. Negotiations on the subject were carried on briskly between Paris and Turin, and finally the fleet sailed off. Gaeta fell into the hands of the Italians; the other fortresses soon followed, and the conquest of the Two Sicilies was complete. Then France, still pretending, withdrew her ambassador from the court of Turin, while England loudly proclaimed her approbation of Victor Emmanuel's proceedings, and was warm in admiration of the good sense and moderation with which the Italians had carried out so great a revolution. This moral support, at a moment when diplomacy was looking askance at him from every other side, was a source of much gratification to Victor Emmanuel, and he felt sincerely grateful for it.

The great events of the past year, in which the kingdom of Sardinia had swelled into the kingdom

of Italy, rendered another general election necessary. The new Parliament was opened on February 18 with unusual pomp. The representatives of the lately annexed provinces, mostly men of distinction, who had taken an active part in the recent events, were loudly cheered when taking the oath of allegiance. The king's speech was received with uproarious applause, particularly by the southern members.

The King's Speech.

Gentlemen Senators,—Gentlemen Deputies,—Almost entirely free and united, by the wonderful aid of Divine Providence, the willing agreement of the peoples, and by the splendid valour of the army, Italy now confides in your virtue and your wisdom. To you it belongs to give her common and stable institutions. While assigning the largest amount of administrative liberty to those peoples who have had different customs and laws, you will take care that the political unity sighed after for so many ages shall not be curtailed. The opinion of civilised people is propitious to us ; the just and liberal princes who preside in the councils of Europe are propitious to us ; Italy will become for Europe an efficacious instrument of universal civilisation. The Emperor of the French, while holding firm the maxim of non-intervention—to us a great gain—has thought proper to recall his ambassador. If this is a matter of regret, it cannot alter our gratitude to him, nor our faith

in his attachment to the Italian cause. France and Italy, who have a common origin, traditions, and customs, were united on the fields of Magenta and Solferino by a bond which is indissoluble.

The government and people of England—that ancient land of freedom—strongly affirm our right to be the arbiters of our own destinies; and they have been lavish of kind offices, the grateful memory of which shall never perish.

To the loyal and illustrious prince who has lately ascended the throne of Prussia, I sent an envoy, as a mark of honour to him and sympathy for the noble German nation, which I hope will be more and more persuaded that Italy, constituted in its natural unity, does not offend either the rights or the interests of other nations.

Gentlemen Senators—Gentlemen Deputies,—I feel certain that you will hasten to present to my government the means of completing the armaments by land and sea, so that the kingdom of Italy, placed in a condition not to fear attack, shall repose more easily in the consciousness of her strength on a reasonable prudence. On other occasions my words sounded bold; but there is a time to dare and a time to wait. Devoted to Italy, I have never hesitated to place in jeopardy my life and my crown when her interests required it; but no one has a right to risk the life and the destinies of a nation.

After many signal victories the Italian army, always increasing in fame, obtained a new title to glory,

by taking one of the most formidable fortresses in the country. The thought consoles me that *there* was for ever closed the lamentable series of our civil conflicts. The navy has shown in the waters of Ancona and Gaeta that there still survive in Italy the mariners of Pisa, of Genoa, and of Venice.

A band of gallant youths, led by a captain whose name resounds through the most distant lands, have proved that neither servitude nor prolonged misfortunes, have been able to unnerve the Italian people.

These facts have inspired the nation with great confidence in its destinies. I am glad to make known to the first Parliament of Italy the joy which, as a soldier and a king, I feel in my heart.

The first thing the Parliament had to do was to proclaim the kingdom of Italy. In a cabinet council the king declared his desire to be called Victor Emmanuel II., not wishing to put the slight upon his worthy predecessor and godfather, of seeming to ignore his existence in assuming the title of First. The council made no objection. Indeed there was no fear of a confusion of names in the history of the Savoy dynasty; Victor Emmanuel II. of Sardinia would be always known as first King of Italy. Secondly, the king said, that as he had done everything that he had accomplished by and with the Italians, and, as he firmly believed, with the approval and help of Providence, he wished to be proclaimed in these terms:—

VITTORIO EMANUELE II., PER GRAZIA DI DIO E PER VOLONTÀ DELLA NAZIONE, RÈ D'ITALIA.

Parliament approving, the proclamation was made in accordance with the king's wishes.

After the great changes which had taken place in the state, Cavour thought well to send in his resignation. There was probably, along with other motives for the step, some difference between the king and the minister at this juncture. Victor's fiery temper and Cavour's love of power—what Brofferio called his *pre-potente* character—led to an occasional collision, which, however, was never allowed to bear serious consequences. While the crisis lasted the king consulted the most eminent of his new subjects, Farini, Ricasoli, Poerio, and all were of one opinion that Cavour was the right man in the right place. Brofferio says that he also was consulted, and advised the recall of his great adversary.

One day Poerio presented himself to the king, who exclaimed laughing, 'I know what you are going to say; you are come to again advise me to send for Cavour.'

Cavour was recalled, of course, and soon formed the ministry of the kingdom of Italy, in which he introduced some natives of the newly annexed provinces.

In all this joy, excitement, and triumph in the attainment of Italian unity, the painful fact remained that it was not quite accomplished. In the reunion of 'the Italian family' the most illustrious member was still left out in the cold, though earnestly begging for

admittance. Everyone felt that without Rome as capital the work of redemption, of unity, was incomplete. The question was taken up and hotly discussed by the new Parliament while in the first flush of national pride. Cavour made one of his most masterly and telling speeches on the subject, which produced a powerful effect, and enchanted the king. He said, 'I consider myself bound to proclaim in the most solemn manner before the nation the necessity of having Rome for the capital of Italy, for without Rome for the capital Italy cannot be constituted.'

The Parliament and the nation felt with him, but they were not willing, like him, to temporise and wait. The very name of Rome had a magic sound in it which fired the souls of the Italians into a frenzied enthusiasm.


One must be Italian [says the Spaniard Castelar, in his *Old and New Italy*], one must feel southern blood in one's veins, must have been educated in this glorious history, under the painted wings of classic poetry, to comprehend all the influences that Rome exercises over the Italian mind. Those who wished to make Italy a monarchy, and afterwards denied her the capital which is hers by nature, did but construct a headless body.

Cavour was resolved to have Rome for the capital, and that at no distant day. He was even then opening negotiations with the Emperor Napoleon on the subject, for without the concurrence of France he would not take any action in the matter, and there is little doubt

that the question would have been brought to a speedy solution if he had been spared another year to put the finishing stroke to his great work. But Garibaldi, and the extreme party whom he represented, did not want to work in accord with France; the Roman difficulty, they thought, should be solved not by diplomacy, but by the sword. The cession of Nice and Savoy was still fresh in the memory of the general, and in a debate on the condition of the army in Naples, he bitterly attacked the premier, winding up by saying, 'Never will I extend my hand to those who have made me a foreigner in Italy.'

Count Cavour was deeply wounded. He rose to reply with a visible emotion, which by a great effort he conquered, defending himself with splendid eloquence and powerful reasoning, but with calmness and dignity, an absence of all personal resentment, that won the sympathy of all. It was one of his finest speeches; alas! that it should have been one of his last.

I know [said he] that between me and the honourable General Garibaldi there exists a fact which divides us two like an abyss. I believed that I fulfilled a painful duty—the most painful that I ever accomplished in my life—in counselling the king, and proposing to Parliament to approve the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. By the grief that I then experienced I can understand that which the honourable General Garibaldi must have felt, and if he cannot forgive me this act I will not bear him any grudge for it.



Remembering how soon that eloquent voice was to be hushed in the silence of the tomb, it is pleasant to be able to record that the general, at the earnest request of the king, sought a friendly explanation with Cavour, and offered that stainless palm of his,

Horny with grasp of the familiar hilt,

to the great statesman whom he so imperfectly understood and so often wronged.

Meantime the new kingdom was threatened with an interdict, the last and most extreme punishment with which an offending prince and people can be visited by the Pontiff. The Pope had exhausted himself in protests, censures, and anathemas; his ammunition was almost spent; there only remained this great gun to let off; it might miss fire and fall harmless like the others, still the fear of it might have some effect. But no, Victor Emmanuel was only becoming more hardened by familiarity with cursings. One of his ministers warned him that an interdict could not take effect in his state unless the document were put into the hands of the sovereign. 'If that is the case,' replied the king, 'you may be content. Whenever I see a priest who looks as if he wanted to speak to me, I will put my hands in my pockets, and never take them out till he is gone.'

The Piedmontese were wont to celebrate as a great festival the anniversary of the *Statuto* granted by Carlo Alberto in 1848, and now this fête, coming round just after the proclamation of the kingdom of Italy, was made the occasion of universal rejoicing. The king de-

sired new banners to be presented to the army, and General Fanti read in his name this address.

Officers, Sub-officers, and Soldiers !—Thirteen years have passed away since my august father, crossing the Ticino to carry on the war of national independence, consigned to you the tricolour banner with the cross of Savoy, with the words *The destinies of Italy are maturing*. Under that banner you won brilliant victories, arresting for a time our adverse fortune. But force of virtue and constancy of purpose made it wave freshly, gloriously, in distant regions by the side of the insignia of the most powerful armies in Europe.

Afterwards re-treading the fields of Lombardy, recalling the memory of Goito and Pastrengo, you gathered splendid laurels in company with the illustrious French eagle. A new and glorious light shone then on the entire peninsula. The people of Italy, uniting themselves round the flag of national independence, accomplished deeds that their remote descendants will remember with gratitude and love. To-day the destinies of Italy are mature.

Soldiers, to you I consign the new banners in the name of redeemed Italy. On their borders are emblazoned the names of the battles fought. To your courage I confide these emblems of loyalty and honour, on which the shield of my family, glorious for eight centuries of valour, is engrafted with the symbol of national redemption.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Turin, June 2, 1861.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEATH OF CAMILLO BENSO CAVOUR. A.D. 1861.

COUNT CAVOUR laboured continually to convince the Catholic states that the temporal power of the papacy was incompatible with national unity and liberty, that it was an anachronism which must give way before modern progress, and that the Holy Father would enjoy a more exalted position, more real authority, if he were rid of the embarrassment of it. The Italian Government, he said, was slandered by those who represented that they wanted to overturn Catholicism ; on the contrary, they wished to make it more respected, more respectable, than it had been for long ages. In taking possession of Rome they would contract a lasting peace between the Church and civilisation.

All history proved, he said in one of his speeches, that nothing but a miserable and corrupt despotism could result from the union of the spiritual and civil authority in the same hands. That the State and the Church should be separated was desirable as much in the interest of the one as the other. The authority of the Pope, the independence of the Church, would be much better assured by the free consent of twenty-six

million of Italians than by the presence of a body of mercenaries gathered round the Vatican, or even by a valorous and friendly, but still a foreign army.

It remains [said he] to convince the Pontiff that the Church can be independent, while losing the temporal power. But we will present ourselves to him, and say, 'Holy Father, the temporal power is no longer for you a guarantee of independence. Renounce it, and we will give you that liberty which you have in vain for three centuries demanded from all the great Catholic powers—that liberty which you have sought to drag from them in small portions by means of concordats, for which, O Holy Father, you were constrained in return to concede privileges—and worse than privileges—to concede the use of spiritual arms to temporal powers, in order that they might grant you a little liberty. Well, that which you have never been able to obtain from those powers who boast themselves to be your allies and your devoted sons, we come to offer you in all its fulness; we are ready to proclaim in Italy this great principle, Free Church in Free State.'

These were Cavour's sincere convictions. He was a Catholic as Victor Emmanuel was; that is, he believed in the Church itself, apart from the priesthood. In the heat of the combat with Rome, remembering the fate of Santa Rosa, he had made a compact with a liberal priest that in case of sudden illness he should come to him, no matter where he was, to administer the sacraments.

In these last two months of his life, Cavour worked

more assiduously, more devotedly than ever, pressing on the emperor and on the papal government a solution of the Roman question as though he felt his time was short and the great labour of his life would be still unfinished if Rome were left outside the kingdom of Italy. The king shared his anxiety, and they spent hours together every day, conducting diplomatic correspondence on the one all-absorbing theme. They felt that there could be no union, concord, or peace till that question was finally settled. Rome was the head-centre of the machinations of the retrograde party (*Codini*), and Francis de Bourbon had taken up his abode there, and was pursuing his favourite amusement of conspiracy. It transpired at this time that in some of the Neapolitan provinces brigandage, which was on the increase, and threatened to overturn all law and order, was, in a measure, due to his influence. King Victor then wrote angrily to Paris, 'Tell the Emperor to put an end to this torment of Francis II. at Rome!'

Giovane Italia was growing daily more rampant, and making its cry of *Rome the capital of Italy!* more loudly heard: while the Romans, intensely excited by the great events around them, threatened to rise continually. Amongst their most ardent sympathisers was Garibaldi, who kept his king and government in constant trepidation because of his utter contempt for diplomacy. Cavour so ably urged upon the emperor the pressing necessity of a speedy arrangement, that Napoleon had all but given the order for the evacuation of the Roman territory by the French troops, on condition that the

Italians should undertake to protect the papal frontier in their stead. Nor was the great statesman's reasoning quite without effect on Pius IX. and his advisers, who at this time seemed disposed to consider the subject more calmly than they had hitherto done. In short, there were then great hopes of a speedy and satisfactory conclusion to the question which, if prolonged, threatened the peace of Italy and of Europe.

'When once I see the king enthroned in the Capitol,' said the count, 'I will retire to Leri to plant cabbages, tend my vines, and repose myself for the rest of my life.'

But meantime he allowed himself no repose ; and it was noted by his friends that during the debates of those last days of May, Cavour had become irritable and excitable, and did not display his usual tolerance of contradiction. On the 29th he returned from the Chamber after speaking, very much agitated, and in the night was taken ill with violent pains, and fits of fever.

The physicians held out little hope from the first, the disease being of a virulent nature, and the nation awaited the catastrophe in grief-stricken silence. The evening before the death, the king, restless and unhappy, went himself to the Palazzo Cavour, and ascending by a private stair, entered the sick chamber unannounced. The patient was lying in a drowsy state with his eyes closed, and those in attendance maintained a respectful silence while the king stood for some minutes looking down at him with an emotion too deep for words. At last Farini leaned over him and whispered, 'The king is here.' Cavour opened his eyes ; the light of his glorious intellect was almost spent, but he recognised the king

and put out his feeble hand. 'Ah, *Maestà!*' he said, and murmured some faint words of farewell. Victor Emmanuel, with tears in his eyes, bent down and kissed him, and departed with a heavy heart.

Next morning, June 6, he received the news of the death: and though he expected it, it was still a shock to learn that the heart and brain that beat and thought only for Italy and for him, were cold and senseless. 'Better for Italy if it were I who had died!' sobbed the poor king in the privacy of his own apartments, where he gave way unrestrainedly to his grief for his own and his country's loss. But in public he held the calm and dignified language which became his position. While gratefully acknowledging all Cavour had been to him, and mourning for him with undisguised sorrow, he let the world know that he could stand alone, and that he meant not to deviate one iota from the bold policy on which he had entered.

The grief of all Italy was equal to that of the king. Every patriotic Italian felt that he had lost a personal friend in the great statesman, and feared for the consequences of his sudden demise at such a critical moment. Massimo Azeglio wrote from his retirement on Lago Maggiore to Farini:—

Thanks, dear friend, for your letter, though it made me weep afresh like a child. Poor Cavour! It is only now I know how much I loved him. The last two days have seemed like a frightful dream to me. I am no longer good for anything, but I have prayed to heaven for our country, and a gleam of comfort

has come to me. If God *will* He *can* save Italy even without Cavour.

But it was the opinion of many that without Cavour nothing short of a miraculous interposition of Providence could save Italy.

The king, who felt he never could bestow enough honour on the memory of his illustrious minister, wanted to bury him with the royal family in Superga, but was prevented by the count's will, which provided that he should be laid in the vault of the Cavour family.

Count Cavour's reputation had spread to foreign lands, and all the friendly nations sent special envoys to Italy with condolences and testimonies of sympathy for the misfortune which had befallen the country. The Emperor Napoleon wrote an affectionate letter to Victor Emmanuel, and sent an ambassador, which was his first recognition of the kingdom of Italy. There was a grace in choosing the time, when the king was in trouble 'for the loss of the man who had most powerfully contributed to the regeneration of his country.'

Camillo Cavour had cherished the dream that, Rome won and his king crowned in the Campidoglio, he would retire to repose himself under his olives at Leri and give up political life. But such a peaceful old age was not for him. He was cut down with his armour on, in the heat of the combat, almost in the moment of victory, and like a true soldier breathed his last sigh with the battle cry of his party on his lips. '*Frate*,' he said, pressing the hand of his confessor, a few minutes before he expired, '*Frate, libera Chiesa in libero Stato!*'

CHAPTER XXIII.

ITALY WITHOUT CAVOUR. A.D. 1862-3.

THE new ministry was formed by Baron Ricasoli. Victor Emmanuel turned to his state duties with a feeling of loneliness and a sense of increased responsibility. Henceforth he gave more personal attention to foreign affairs, dictated correspondence, and wrote much. From a number of notes written in his own hand, for the use of an envoy at Paris, we quote one or two.

I desire that the person that the emperor sends here to represent him, be one who knows how to reconcile in an amicable manner the interests of two countries so closely allied.

I desire that the emperor should be reassured as to the state of the army, which every day is increasing in strength on the basis of the ancient Piedmontese army; and that he should not believe the erroneous reports which have been communicated to him. My wish is to *Italianise* Piedmont, and *Piedmontise* the army!

I have in no respect changed my way of thinking on the Roman question. It is a matter of time. I am

not ambitious to go there now, nor for some time. I am aware that at present France cannot do otherwise than she is doing; and I am firm in my idea that the question of Venice should precede that of Rome.

Victor Emmanuel to Count Ponza di San Martino.

Dear Count,—I thank you for the various letters you have written me, and still more for your work. The affairs of the government of the Neapolitan provinces go well, and I am sure, with your activity and capacity, they will continue to improve.

The death of Count Cavour is a grievous fact, and I feel it deeply; but that mournful event shall not arrest for one moment the onward march of our political life. I see the future before me clear as a mirror, and nothing can daunt me. I wish strength and courage to the present ministry, for grave trials are still in store for us; but if God gives me life we shall pass through them fearless and uninjured. The recognition of France will be an accomplished fact within this month. It is not well to push the Roman question; I delay it as much as possible, feeling sure that that of Venice ought to precede it, and I am firm on this point.

Dear Count, remember me sometimes, and remain always firm in the faith, as I am: the future is ours. I press your hand. Your affectionate,

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Turin, June 15, 1861.

In the month of July, Russia and Prussia followed the example of England and France, and acknowledged Italian unity. At the same time the young King of Portugal sent an ambassador extraordinary to ask the hand of Victor Emmanuel's youngest daughter, Maria Pia, and to present his portrait to the king. The offer was received favourably ; in fact, Victor Emmanuel, who knew Don Louis personally and liked the Braganza family, desired the alliance very much. In the course of three months the marriage was officially announced, and there were great rejoicings on the occasion, and congratulatory addresses innumerable. The senators and deputies who came in the name of the legislative bodies to present an address, Victor Emmanuel invited to enter his daughter's reception-room, and speak their farewell compliments personally,—that she might carry away a livelier impression of the affections she left behind her. The young princess was moved to tears, and in thanking the deputation said she would never forget the land of her fathers. The king accompanied her to Genoa, where he consigned her to the charge of the Portuguese ambassadors. The last hour before parting the father and daughter spent alone with each other, and when they reappeared the eyes of both were red with weeping. Maria Pia was Victor Emmanuel's youngest child, and god-daughter of Pio Nono.

The most striking want—at least, the one that travellers suffered most from—in the Pontifical States, was the absence of railway communication, all the Popes before Pio Nono's time having had a strong pre-

judice against steam-engines ; while even he gave only a tardy and reluctant sanction to the dangerous innovation. Long after other civilised states enjoyed the advantages of locomotives, the Pope's subjects still jogged over mountain and moor in carriages,—the tedium of the journey being frequently enlivened by encounters with brigands ; and it was the custom for a gentleman when starting on a trip of thirty or forty miles, to make his will and confession, like a soldier preparing for battle.

Under the new *régime* this want of railway communication was being gradually supplied ; and in the November of 1861, the line between Bologna and Ancona being complete, Victor Emmanuel went to open it with an imposing ceremony. The king was greeted with great warmth all along the line. When the train ran parallel to the road great crowds were assembled who waved their hats and cheered vociferously, crying *Viva Vittorio Emanuele nel Campidoglio!* The king said to his ministers—‘ Yet there are people in Europe who think when I speak of the necessity of settling the Roman question, that it is my caprice or ambition. If they heard those cries they would be persuaded of the just desires of the people, and that it is a necessity for the tranquillity of Italy and the peace of Europe.’

At the end of this year the Crown Prince of Sweden, now the reigning sovereign, visited the King of Italy, and they became fast friends. Baron Ricasoli only held office about nine months ; not feeling equal to the difficulties he had to encounter, he resigned in March 1862, and Signor Ratazzi was empowered to form a new

ministry. Naples was still tormented by brigands, and consequently in a disturbed state. The ministers thought the king's presence there would have a good effect : and in fact it had a very powerful one on the excitable Neapolitans, who all united in the warmest demonstrations of affection for him. While there, his son-in-law, the Prince Napoleon, came in state to visit him in the emperor's name, and there was a great nautical fête in the Bay of Naples on the occasion.

TELEGRAM.

The King of Italy to the Emperor of the French.

I have just now visited the fleet which you have sent to meet me in this port. This act on your part of kindness for me personally, and sympathy for the Italian cause, has touched me deeply, and I thank you for it. It is a long time, sire, since I have felt such happy emotion as this day. The order that reigns in these southern provinces, and the warm testimonies of affection I receive on all sides, reply triumphantly to the calumnies of our enemies ; and will convince Europe, I hope, that the idea of Italian unity rests upon a solid basis, and is profoundly engraven on the hearts of all Italians.

Accept the assurance of my sincere and unalterable friendship.

Naples, May 3.

All things were going smoothly in foreign affairs, but the Ratazzi ministry were getting into difficulties at home. The volunteer troops had become a source of serious embarrassment to the government; their position having in fact been the immediate cause of the quarrel between Garibaldi and Cavour. Cavour knew Garibaldi was a great power, and might become a dangerous one; so he met the general's explanations and demands in a conciliatory spirit, promising to do what he could for the volunteers,—Garibaldi in his turn promising not to thwart or contradict the ministerial policy.

The count's sudden death had left things still in an unsettled state, and the difficulties went on increasing. It was found disagreeable and dangerous to have two standing armies under separate heads and a separate discipline, and it was proposed to amalgamate the Garibaldians with the royal troops. Endless disagreements arose out of this question, and the king, who was excessively worried about it, begged his councillors to arrange matters delicately, so as not to wound the susceptibilities of the gallant volunteers, nor offend their illustrious chief.

As soon as this question was in a manner accommodated, a more serious one arose. The central provinces lost all patience in waiting so long for a peaceful solution of the Roman question. The leaders of the Young Italy party became more warlike in their language, and excited the peasantry to riotous proceedings, which the government had to put down forcibly, and this disagree-

able fact helped to make the Ratazzi ministry unpopular.

Garibaldi's name had been used as an incentive to those disturbances, and now the hot-headed general embarked for Sicily, to take the command of a troop who were bound for the Eternal City, resolved to cut with the sword the gordian knot of the Roman question. The government used energetic measures to maintain its dignity, and not allow an irregular warfare to be carried on without its sanction. The times were difficult, no doubt, and the ministry had a hard road to tread, but Cavour had gone through more critical times and had known how to make use of Garibaldi's enthusiasm, to hold the seething revolution in check without appearing to do so, and to avert civil discords when they seemed inevitable. 'If Cavour had lived, we should have been in Rome within six months,' said the king a short time after the death. It is not improbable that he would have brought the Roman question to a conclusion before the year was out, and so 'taken the wind out of the sails' of the republicans, prevented all the troubles that the unsettled state of affairs occasioned, and thus have spared Victor Emmanuel the inexpressible pain of opposing his soldiers to the volunteers. Acknowledging the impossibility of guessing what contingencies might have arisen, as far as one can judge by probabilities, it is safe to say that if the great minister had survived another year or so the history of Victor Emmanuel's reign would not have been blotted by the name of Aspromonte.

Royal Proclamation.

Italians,—In the moment in which Europe has rendered homage to the sense of the nation, and recognised its rights, it grieves my heart to see inexperienced and deluded youths forget their duty, their gratitude to our best allies, making the name of Rome a signal of war—that name to which are turned all our united efforts and thoughts.

Faithful to the *Statuto* to which I have sworn, I have held high the banner of Italy, made sacred by the blood and glorious by the valour of my people. No one follows this banner who violates the laws, and who injures the liberties and safety of the country, making himself judge of her destinies.

Italians! be on your guard against a blameable impatience and imprudent agitations. When the hour comes for the accomplishment of the great work, the voice of your king will make itself heard among you. Every appeal that is not his, is an appeal to rebellion, to civil war. The responsibility of it, and the rigour of the laws will fall upon those who do not hearken to my words. King by the choice of the nation, I know my duties. I must preserve the integrity and the dignity of the crown and of Parliament, if I am to have the right to ask of all Europe justice for Italy.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Turin, August 3, 1862.

It was in vain. The Garibaldians were already in the field, and having crossed from Sicily, were marching through Calabria with ever-increasing forces and the cry of 'Rome or death' on their lips. Victor Emmanuel had now no choice left him but to put down rebellion by force of arms. General Cialdini's painful duty it was to lead the royal troops on this occasion. He encountered the Garibaldians at Aspromonte, in Calabria, and on their refusing to surrender to the king, a fight ensued in which the volunteers were of course defeated, and their officers arrested. Garibaldi, with a ball in his foot, from the effects of which he has never recovered, was carried a state prisoner to Piedmont, where the best surgeons in the kingdom were sent to his aid; but all their efforts to relieve him only inflicted more intense agony on the sufferer, and it was a year before the lead was extracted from the wound.

This unhappy episode was a bitter grief to Victor Emmanuel. It was his pride that he was the free choice of the Italian people, that he had never drawn his sword but against the enemies of his country, and though the Garibaldians were all in the wrong, still they were his subjects, and the thought that Italian blood should have been shed by his soldiers afflicted him deeply. Above all he felt the misfortune of the gallant chief, who had done so much for the Italian cause, and for whom he had such a warm regard. But there was no help for it. The national existence was at stake if he allowed his authority to be defied by this ill-advised volunteer movement.

Aspromonte gave a final blow to the Ratazzi

ministry. Never very popular, it was utterly shaken by the reaction in favour of Garibaldi. Now that the danger was passed, and the untamable old lion *hors de combat*, his rash inconsiderateness, his violation of the laws, were overlooked, and only his past glorious services remembered. There were fierce debates on the subject, and the ministry found it expedient to send in their resignation, suggesting a dissolution of Parliament. The king did not approve of the dissolution, and preferred to accept the resignation of the Ratazzi cabinet. After a good deal of worry and consultation, the king decided to call Luigi Carlo Farini to office. The name of this enlightened and liberal statesman, who had ruled the Emilian provinces as dictator so ably during the inter-regnum, was a guarantee for a good administration. Unhappily his health obliged him to retire very soon from public life, and he was succeeded by Minghetti. On the whole this first year without Cavour had been a very trying one to Victor Emmanuel.

In the beginning of 1863 the Minghetti ministry turned their attention to the financial affairs of the state. Several bills relative to taxation were laid before the Parliament, and permission asked to contract a loan. When authority had been granted by both Houses, the king thus expressed his gratification.

Victor Emmanuel to Signor Minghetti.

Dear Minghetti,—I thank you again for your work with regard to the loan, in my own name and that of the

nation. May the accomplishment of this act be the forerunner of great events, and conduct us to the completion of Italian glory. You know how this glory has been the dream of my whole life—how it comprises all my aspirations. Firm in the faith, with a fearless and tranquil heart, I await it—and we shall attain it.

As soon as I return to Turin I shall send for you. Meantime I press your hand with all my heart.

Your most affectionate

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

The Parliament met on May 23. The speech from the throne did not contain any remarkable statement. We transcribe the opening paragraphs :—

Gentlemen Senators,—Gentlemen Deputies,—In opening this new session as King of Italy, I am glad to thank you for so much work done during the past two years. You confirmed the right of the nation to its complete unity. This right I shall maintain inviolable. The parliamentary labours were hardly begun when Providence snatched from us the illustrious man who was my able coadjutor in the arduous enterprise of our regeneration. This grief was mine, and equal to mine was the grief of all Italy for our loss.

The marriage of my daughter with the young King of Portugal, while strengthening a beneficial alliance between two free states, has shown me, now

as always, that the joys of my house are shared by the nation.

These two paragraphs were composed by Victor Emmanuel and written in his own hand. Signor Minghetti has preserved the speech as a precious relic of his *Gran Rè*.

Meantime the Roman question remained in abeyance—to the great detriment of the nation, for it kept Central and Southern Italy in a state of fermentation which the government could not long hold in check. The Bourbon intrigues at Rome, encouraging brigandage in the Two Sicilies, destroyed all security of life and property, and impeded foreigners from visiting the country. The Emperor of the French, occupying the false position of champion of Italian independence and protector of the temporal power of the Pope, would not do anything, nor let the Italian Government do anything, towards settling the momentous question.

Just at this time an incident occurred which came near exhausting Victor Emmanuel's patience and causing a rupture with France. Four ruffians having committed 'deeds of violence, blood, and rapine,' in Naples, escaped to Rome, where they found a safe asylum, and from thence went on board a French vessel at Civita Vecchia, bound for Marseilles. The Prefect of Genoa, Marquis Gualterio, being aware of this, conceived the bold idea of seizing these felons on his own responsibility. In so doing he knew he was violating a treaty, and he expected to be disowned by his own government

and dismissed. There was a great outcry made about the insult to the French flag, and the emperor's government demanded the restitution of the 'passengers.' A long diplomatic controversy ensued, and had to be settled finally by a personal correspondence between the sovereigns. The criminals were surrendered to the Italian Government, the king promising to deal mercifully with them.

In this year a bill for the suppression of more religious houses was brought in by Signor Pisanelli. When the minister carried it to the king for his approval he said with a sigh—'This law will entangle the skein still more, and will bring upon me a fresh quarrel with all the monks and nuns of the kingdom. Well, I will reply to their complaints that I am sorry to give them pain, but I am, above all considerations, a constitutional sovereign.'

He was never tired of reminding himself that he was a constitutional sovereign, and must set an example of obedience to the laws, as if he felt it necessary thus to check his naturally imperious will. If for a moment he seemed to have forgotten the fact, and felt like one of his despotic ancestors—but this happened rarely—he quickly called himself up, and with a frank, dignified humility, acknowledged that he was wrong.

Once when the king was on a tour in the provinces, an eminent citizen asked grace for a servant sentenced to hard labour for defaming her mistress. The king, without thinking, immediately promised that the sentence should be remitted; but on referring the matter to the

Minister of Grace and Justice he found that he refused to admit that the case was a proper one for the exercise of the royal clemency. The king was deeply mortified, but he replied without resentment,—

‘Very well, *Signor Ministro*, you are doing your duty, and I cannot complain. But if you could have found a way to save “goat and cabbage,” I should have been glad. As it is, I will not try to escape the pain that I have merited for having once only since I have practised this profession (he always spoke of his kingship as a profession) forgotten that I am, that I ought to be, and wish to be, a constitutional king.’

One day Pisanelli complained of the republican writers who accused the king of ambition.

‘Very well,’ replied Victor with a merry twinkle in his eye, ‘I will punish those gentlemen.’

‘How?’ asked the minister.

‘When we have got to Rome and I have ascended into the Campidoglio, I will take off my hat and say, “Gentlemen, you have believed me to be an ambitious man; I am not such. *Viva la Repubblica!*”’

Years after, when Victor Emmanuel was in possession of Rome, this Signor Pisanelli appeared at a court dinner without his decorations, having forgotten them at Naples. It did not escape the king’s notice, who after dinner asked him if he had become republican? The minister wittily reminded him of what he had said in Turin—that when once in Rome he would proclaim a republic—and said that naturally he would follow the example of his king. ‘But you ought to remember,’ said Victor laugh-

ing, 'that I said that by proclaiming the republic I would punish the republicans. You will not deny me the right of grace ; and this time it is a grace much more just than many you have made me sign, as the penalty would strike the few guilty and the many innocent.'

This year Victor Emmanuel travelled a good deal through the central provinces, to the great delight of his new subjects, to whom he was still a curiosity—a liberal king who mixed freely and fearlessly among the people being a thing hitherto unknown in that part of the peninsula. When in Tuscany he paid a visit to the ex-dictator, Ricasoli, at his Castle of Broghlio, near Siena ; and to commemorate the event, the baron ordered a large painting representing his majesty's arrival.

In November he went, accompanied by his ministers and a large following, to open the railway line between Pescara and Foggia. The crowds that followed him blocked up all the thoroughfares and rendered the passage from the palace to the church impassable ; the horses had to stop again and again, while the enthusiastic populace surrounded the royal carriage with uproarious *evvivas*. At last the king got out and walked to the church in the midst of the people, followed by his train. The foreign ambassadors who were present thought this was rather an imprudent act, considering that the country was still infested by Bourbon outlaws and brigands ; but Victor Emmanuel knew no fear. For more than eight centuries the princes of Savoy had confronted every conceivable danger that man may meet, but the dagger of an assassin had never been raised against

them in their own country. Emmanuel Philibert was once near being shot, but it was during the war in Flanders, and the author of the attempt was a lawless German count. Not even in times of revolution, when regicide was considered by the Italian sectaries a most heroic deed, did any of them turn their hands against the life of the Savoy princes. So the first liberal king, the emancipator and uniter of Italy, who realised all that they had been dreaming of for ages—felt he had no reason to fear assassination. And surely his son, who in his brief reign of twelve months has given so many proofs of his fitness and capacity to perpetuate his father's work, who has in no way fallen short of his duty, but in all things shown himself a worthy successor of *al Rè galantuomo*, ought to have as little reason to fear it. Yet they have tried to murder him, the assassin protesting, Brutus-like, that he had the greatest respect and veneration for *Humbert*, but that he conceived it to be his duty to kill the *king*. Alas for the fate of kings! Even were Humbert not the brave, honest, patriotic man he is, one would have thought that gratitude to his father's memory would suffice to protect him from insult and injury. And if the son of Victor Emmanuel is not safe from murderous attempts, what crowned head may repose in peace? But though this atrocious crime has revealed the painful fact that young Italy has not yet shaken off her old curse of lawless societies, it has also given occasion for the nation at large to show her loyalty and devotion to the House of Savoy by demonstrations of affection the strength and passion of which could not

be believed by those who did not witness it. The most vivid descriptions would seem cold when compared to the reality of the feeling which shook society from one end of the peninsula to the other, when the news of the attempt was made known. It called forth some of the noblest instincts of human nature and the finest traits in the Italian character, and on this account we hardly think the king himself can regret the circumstance which has shown him how deeply rooted in the heart of the nation is her affection for him and his family. The republicans or internationalists, after all, are but a few thousand at most, while twenty-five million Italians loudly proclaim their devotion to the monarchy.

The seeds which for forty years Mazzini had sown broadcast over Italy, and which Garibaldi has done much to foster, are still bearing fruit, but let us hope the noxious plants may soon be uprooted from the soil. If young Italians would study Azeglio's writings, and shut their ears to the wild utterances of the hero of Caprera, it would be well for them individually, and for the state of which they form a part.

We owe an apology to our readers for this digression ; but it is impossible to remain an indifferent spectator of the enthusiasm the event alluded to has called forth, impossible not to sympathize with the indignation and the joy of the nation at such a moment, and almost involuntarily our pen has run into the all-absorbing theme of the hour.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT TRANSFERRED TO
FLORENCE. A.D. 1864-5.

THE Roman question, daily increasing the embarrassments and dangers of the state, still dragged on ; and Victor Emmanuel, who had his eye on Venice all the time, having a fixed impression that if it could be recovered he would find less difficulty in getting rid of the foreign occupation in Rome, now adopted energetic measures to bring about a settlement of this Venetian question, urging the English Government to use its influence with Austria to induce her to accept some compromise and surrender the Italian province peaceably. The Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, favoured the idea of Italian unity, and wished the matter to be arranged amicably between his relations and the King of Italy.

Meantime the Italian Government continued to invite the French to withdraw their forces from the Roman States, and leave the Pope face to face with his own subjects without the aid of foreign bayonets. This the emperor, fearing to offend the papal party, could

not make up his mind to do. But to make the road to Rome easier for the Italians, he proposed a transfer of the capital from Turin to some more southern town, Florence or Naples—he did not care which. The French minister, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, said :—

Of course in the end you will go to Rome. But it is important that between our evacuation and your going there, such an interval of time and such a series of events should elapse as to prevent people establishing any connection between the two facts ; France must not have any responsibility.

The suggestion was adopted by the Italian ministry. When Signor Minghetti first broke to the king the subject of changing the seat of government, and making Florence or Naples a stepping-stone to Rome, he was quite overwhelmed, and pleaded, even with tears, for his native city to be spared such a cruel sacrifice as long as the Roman question remained unsettled.

You know I am a true Turinese [he said], and no one can understand what a wrench it is to my heart to think I must one day abandon this city where I have so many affections, where there is such a feeling of fidelity to my family, where the bones of my fathers and all my dear ones repose. However (he added), if we cannot do otherwise, I will make even this sacrifice for Italy.

This idea preyed on Victor Emmanuel's mind and

made him very melancholy. A few days after, he met at a railway station a Neapolitan gentleman who was a favourite with him.

‘Dear Tommasi, I am glad to see you,’ he said. ‘In a short time you will hear news of a great event.’ ‘What event, sire?’ asked the doctor. The king did not answer, but continued with emotion, ‘I have decided; when the interest of Italy is involved, I do not wish to have any remorse. It grieves me to the depth of my soul, but I will consent.’ ‘Your majesty, I do not understand.’ But Victor Emmanuel, with a wave of his hand, stepped into the carriage without answering.

La Marmora was called into the cabinet, and after much discussion by letter and a visit to Paris declined to approve of the proposal of the French government—for the reason that he did not like the Italians, after the evacuation of the French, to be bound to protect the papal frontier from all aggression. The Marquis Pepoli, who was intimate with the emperor, had just returned from Paris, and the king asked him if he thought it possible to remain in Turin without renouncing the advantages of the connection with France. When he replied in the negative Victor Emmanuel burst into tears. ‘Since the cession of Savoy and Nice,’ he said, ‘no public event has cost me such bitter regret. If I were not persuaded that this sacrifice is necessary to the unity of Italy I would refuse.’

The king accepted the conditions, which provided that the French were to evacuate Rome in two years,

CONSTERNATION IN TURIN.

and fixed on Florence as the residence of the king. The convention was then agreed to and signed. The ministers were touched by the king's sorrow; and Visconti Venosta said to a friend:—

It is a most ungrateful office that I have to perform in bringing a great sorrow upon the city of Turin—had it not been for which, instead of being minister of the King of Italy, I should still be suffering under a foreign rule.

The minister had not exaggerated the effect of this change upon Turin. The wildest consternation, the most passionate grief, reigned in the city. The more ignorant part of the populace, who could not understand the state reasons for the sacrifice of Turin after all she had done for the Italian cause, made riotous demonstrations against the government; while the better class of citizens broke into bitter lamentations and complaints of the cruel ingratitude with which they were treated. The ministry had to resign on September 24; and the king sent for La Marmora. The general, who was travelling in Switzerland when he received the royal summons, hastened home, and though he had disapproved of the convention, he generously consented to assume the difficult and ungrateful office of premier.

The new ministry set themselves to examine the unpopular convention which had driven their predecessors out of office, but it being already signed there

seemed no remedy. The king said, 'I have signed the convention ; I must maintain it ; *I will* maintain it. I believe it is for the good of Italy.'

The single-minded, chivalrous La Marmora stood loyally by the king in his trouble. 'The king's signature is there—that is enough,' he said, in the Chamber. After long and painful discussions the convention was approved by a large majority in both houses.

On New Year's day 1865, the city deputations who waited on the king were received by him with unusual warmth, and he hoped the inhabitants of his beloved native city would continue worthy of their old reputation for devotion to their common country. The fury against the government had calmed down during the three months since the change of ministry ; but great depression and melancholy prevailed, and there were not wanting demagogues to take advantage of it, to stir up the Mazzinian element to make a demonstration against the king. On the occasion of a court ball, January 31, the populace crowded round the palace, shouting, and hissing, and even throwing stones to impede the entrance of the guests. The king in deep indignation set out immediately for Florence, accompanied by La Marmora.

All Italy cried shame on the populace of Turin, and tried to atone for the outrage by extraordinary marks of devotion. Crowds waited at every station along the line, cheering and applauding vociferously ; but it was nothing to the reception the king met in Florence, which welcomed him with redoubled warmth because

he had chosen that city for his capital. All the most distinguished men hastened to offer their homage, and among them Gino Capponi, for whom the king had a great admiration, and on whom he bestowed the order of the SS. Annunciata.

But all this applause could not heal the wound inflicted by the Turinese. A storm of fierce emotions was raging in his heart, and he could not long keep up the farce of smiling, bowing, and looking happy when he was miserable. He hastily left Florence and retired to the Villa San Rossore, near Pisa.

The day after the seditious demonstration above mentioned, Turin awoke to a sense of shame for the disgraceful performance. It is true that it was only the mob, and for the most part boys, who had taken part in the outrage ; but the respectable portion of the community were conscious of having encouraged a spirit of discontent, and expressed themselves bitterly on the subject of the removal of the capital—so that they now felt the whole city was involved in the disgrace. All the other towns raised a cry of indignation at the disloyal demonstration, and Turin felt crushed under the displeasure of the king and the nation. The nobility and the municipality, wishing to set matters right, conceived the idea of presenting an address to the king, deploring the insult and expressing their devotion to his person and throne. When this address was signed by many thousand names, they humbly solicited an audience, which the irate monarch, still sulking in retirement at San Rossore, disdainfully refused to grant.

The minister, Signor Lanza, and the Prince of Carignano, earnestly pleaded the cause of the offending city, and Victor Emmanuel's fierce but short-lived anger gave way before the evidences of repentance which it displayed.

The Marquis Rozà, Syndic of Turin, read the address, which completely melted Victor's soft heart. His full pardon was given in a few frank and generous words, which he could hardly pronounce for the emotion that choked his utterance. It was noticed that after this day Victor Emmanuel was no longer gloomy and taciturn. He recovered his usual cheerful gaiety of manners. But his heart was in Turin; he longed to be back to see the old familiar streets, palaces, and gardens, where his life had been spent, and to receive the affectionate greeting of the citizens. On February 23 he returned to the Subalpine capital, and was welcomed with transports of joy by all classes, without a dissentient voice.

To meet the expenses of the change of capital and other requirements of the state, the Minister of Finance, Sella, found it necessary to resort to fresh taxation. Before laying the matter before Parliament, and asking the nation for new sacrifices, he said to the king, that it would be well that an example of disinterestedness should be given by the highest person in the state. Whereupon the king, without a word, surrendered a fifth part (three million francs) of his civil list.

Such acts as this, carefully recorded by the Liberals, are as carefully suppressed by the Clericals. Not even

in conversation do they ever let slip a single kind or generous action, of all the many that Victor Emmanuel did in public and private ; but they dwell with gusto on his faults, and exaggerate them. These faults the Liberals on the other hand regard as spots on the sun, not worthy of notice, and accordingly as a general rule do not notice them. The whitest swan and the blackest crow could not be more diverse than the two pictures we are called upon to contemplate under the heading, 'Victor Emmanuel.' Let us take, for example, a few sentences at random from the first publications at our hand.

Clerical:—He left behind him a bad name, an impoverished nation, and an example which the world must condemn. In public affairs he was an utterly unscrupulous man ; in private he was bold, haughty, full of passion, and wholly given over to licentiousness, etc.

Liberal:—What a great monarch was Victor Emmanuel ! What a fine noble life was his ! How full of sublime teaching for kings and for peoples ! All agree, in death as in life, to honour the name of the first King of Italy—the greatest, best, and most glorious king she may ever see—the model patriot, etc., etc.

When the story of Victor Emmanuel has grown dim through time, the future historian will be puzzled to choose between the conflicting records of the extreme parties. But we have no hesitation in saying

even the most extravagant partisans of the king are more honest and truthful than his detractors ; and there are always some just-minded, moderate men who do not allow their feelings to bias their judgment, and who frankly acknowledge that their hero was not perfect, though he had a hundred claims on their affection and gratitude.

Just at this time Victor Emmanuel was pleased to receive a courteous letter from the Holy Father asking him to send some confidential person to Rome to consult about the nomination to certain vacant bishoprics ; but the king's envoy and the Pope did not come to an understanding, and the negotiations were broken off.

In this year Spain, the only European power which had not yet acknowledged the kingdom of Italy, sent an ambassador to the court of Victor Emmanuel. Queen Isabella was always the implacable foe of liberty, and had hitherto given great encouragement to the Ultramontane party, so that it was a triumph to see this last enemy succumb under the pressure of popular opinion.

Before opening the new Parliament in Florence the king paid a visit to Naples, then suffering terribly from the ravages of cholera, to give relief to the afflicted people, and comfort and encourage them by his presence, as his custom was on such occasions.

On November 18, 1865, the first Parliament was opened in Florence.

The King's Speech.

Gentlemen Senators,—Gentlemen Deputies,—When in that generous city which has guarded the destinies of Italy in her new-born fortunes, I inaugurated these parliamentary sittings, my words were ever full of encouragement and hope, constantly justified by the feats that followed. With a soul full of the same confidence to-day I see you united round me in this noble seat of illustrious memories. Here also, intent on the full vindication of our right to self-government, we shall conquer every obstacle.

On closing the last legislature, in deference to the Head of the Church, and with the desire of satisfying the religious scruples of the majority, the government welcomed a proposal for negotiations with the Pontifical See ; but they were obliged to break them off when they thought the conditions would be derogatory to the rights of the crown and the nation. The fullness of time and the inevitable force of events will solve the question between the kingdom of Italy and the papacy. On us meantime it is incumbent to observe faithfully the convention of September 15, which France will in the established time carry into complete effect. The virtue of waiting is to-day rendered more easy to Italy than it was in the past, for since I last addressed Parliament its condition has been improving.

In the progress of our work we are comforted

by the sympathy of all civilised peoples. By community of interests and by the tie of gratitude we are bound in a close accord with France. We are in good relations with most of the other states of Europe, and with the governments of the two Americas. A vast field was opened to commerce by the advantageous treaties concluded with England, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland; as already with France, Sweden, Belgium, Turkey, and Persia. Spain a short time ago recognised the kingdom of Italy. Bavaria and Saxony have manifested the same desire which Germany and Prussia have already put into effect. The ties between the Latin race and the noble Germanic peoples thus strengthened will enable the Italians to entwine with theirs their interests and aspirations, and help to extinguish obsolete prejudices and rancours. In this manner Italy, taking her place among the great states of Europe, will contribute to the triumph of justice and liberty.

At home our policy has already produced wonderful effects. In the course of a few years—in the administration, in the laws, in codes, in public works, in the army—results have been obtained for which in other countries they have laboured for generations or have gone through deplorable intestine struggles. That so many difficulties are overcome, augurs well for the future.

My ministers will present drafts of laws to completely systematise the legislative unification of the kingdom of Italy, to redeem from ignorance the poorer

classes, to improve the condition of credit, and to push forward more energetically the public works. Other laws you will amend as experience and opportunity counsel. The great difficulty is to repair the unbalanced state of the finances without taking from the nation its strength of arms by land and sea. I am grieved beyond measure that an unavoidable necessity obliges us to ask from my people new sacrifices. But I am certain their public spirit will not fail you, gentlemen ; I have had too many guarantees of it in the privations they have already sustained with such wonderful constancy. But I desire you to divide the taxes in the most equitable and least burdensome manner possible, reducing the public expenses to the narrowest limits.

The Italian people ought to divest themselves of all the remains of the past which stand in the way of the full development of their new life. You will have to deliberate upon the separation of the Church and State, and the suppression of religious corporations. Proceeding in this manner the insidious practices of enemies, or the spite of fortune, will not destroy our work. A great change is going forward among the peoples of Europe. The future is in the hands of God. If in the accomplishment of the destinies of Italy, fresh trials should arise, I feel certain that her valiant sons would press around me once more. Where the moral force of civilisation prevails, the mature judgment of the nation will not fail to profit by it.

Gentlemen Senators,—Gentlemen Deputies,—In order that the rights and the honour of Italy may remain inviolate, it is necessary to advance frankly on the road of our national policy. Certain of your concurrence, confident in the affection of the people and the valour of the army, I will not shrink from this most noble undertaking which we must transmit complete to future generations.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FINAL EXPULSION OF THE FOREIGNER.

A.D. 1866.

EARLY in the new year Victor Emmanuel lost his third son, Odone or Otto, Duke of Monferrat, and his dear old friend Cavaliero Massimo Azeglio. The death of the poor deformed prince could hardly be called a misfortune for himself, as he was a constant sufferer. But his bright intelligence and gentle disposition had endeared him to his family, and his robust and soldierly brothers treated him with affectionate consideration. The compassionate tenderness the afflicted boy inspired in his father may be imagined from the following anecdote. When in Rome King Victor drove almost every afternoon on the Pincian Hill. At the entrance there stood a hunchbacked boy, for whom he always had a pile of coppers wrapped in a paper. One of the gentlemen in waiting made inquiries about the youth, and told the king that he was quite undeserving of his bounty. '*Che vuole?*' was the reply. 'He reminds me of Odone, and I cannot pass him by.'

Though Massimo Azeglio had long retired from public life, he was still dear to Victor Emmanuel as the

brave, disinterested, and noble-hearted man who had sacrificed every personal regard when he consented to take office in the first miserable year of his reign, sharing his grief, his humiliation, his unpopularity, supporting and sustaining him in the noble part he chose to act of *Rè galantuomo*. Victor Emmanuel felt strongly the fascination of his versatile genius ; and in the inscription on the monument which he helped to erect to his memory, he calls him his 'friend.' The readiness with which the great artist and author would assume an office of state when required, and then step down into comparative poverty, living by his brush, is a charming trait in his attractive character. No pecuniary reward would he take on his retirement. Victor Emmanuel wanted to bestow on him the Order of the SS. Annunziata, but he declined with the smiling remark that it was not meet for the king's cousin to sell pictures. The readers of his correspondence will remember that at the time of the Peace of Milan the Emperor of Austria offered him the Order of St. Etienne, and he replied that if the emperor really wished to show to him some mark of benevolence, let him give him the pardon of the Lombards who had been excluded from the amnesty.

The king was not in Turin when Azeglio's hopeless state was made known, but the Prince of Carignano visited him the day he died, and his last words to him were, 'Remember me, and that I have always been a devoted and affectionate servant of the House of Savoy.'

All through the past year Victor Emmanuel had been trying to wring Venetia out of the grasp of Austria,

in a peaceable manner, if possible, but if that were not possible he was resolved to resort to arms once more. His speech in November plainly pointed to war as more than a probability ; and, Austria firmly refusing to surrender her possessions, both parties prepared for another struggle. Foreign domination once established in a country is an incubus difficult to shake off. In Italy the monster called *lo Straniero* died hard, clinging convulsively to his victim and sapping the life-blood from her veins with his expiring breath. Lombardy had been won and lost, and won again, with a generous prodigality of the noblest blood in the country ; and now the Italian soil must drink once more the warm libation from Italian hearts before *la Patria* could be completely redeemed and united.

The quarrel between Austria and Prussia was growing all this time, and Italy proposed an alliance defensive and offensive with the latter power. The ministry had become unpopular because of the corn-grinding tax, which to the present day has never ceased to be a source of discontent, and Sella, the Minister of Finance, author of the obnoxious bill, sent in his resignation, and all his colleagues with him. The king was greatly annoyed by the defeat of the government at this critical juncture. La Marmora, who had his entire confidence, was empowered to form a new ministry. The general had some difficulty in getting a Minister of Finance, but a politician was at last found bold enough to undertake the unenviable duty of directing the monetary affairs of the new kingdom. La Marmora remained President of

the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs ; General Pettinengo was called to the War Department, and he accepted office simply to please the king.

The distinguished and patriotic young general, Giuseppe Govone, was sent to Berlin to treat of the alliance. He fulfilled the office with tact and ability, and the treaty was concluded April 8, 1866.

When this fact became known, Austria, on the brink of war with Prussia, began to think that she must rid herself in some way of the worry of the Italians on her southern frontier, in order to be free to combat her powerful northern enemy. The cabinet of Vienna did not apply directly to the cabinet of Florence, but to that arbiter of the destinies of nations, Napoleon III., proposing to cede Venetia on condition that the Italian government should detach itself from the Prussian alliance. It was a strong temptation ; to recover the long-disputed provinces without the risks and expenses of war would have restored the minister to the popularity he had lost in the matter of the convention with France. But La Marmora was proof against all such temptations. He would brave popular rage, but he would not fail in the smallest particular in any of his engagements. In order to leave his sovereign free to exercise the royal prerogative, he sent in his resignation, which Victor Emmanuel, being entirely of his mind, refused to accept.

After an ineffectual attempt to accommodate matters by a congress, war was declared against Austria, on June 20, 1866, and La Marmora, having appointed Ricasoli

as his deputy at the head of the council, led the army northwards. The Italians, though grumbling against the ministry because of the recently imposed tax, received the announcement of war with unmeasured applause. The day before the battle is always one of pleasing excitement and enthusiasm ; the day after, when the costs come to be counted, one of mourning.

Victor Emmanuel appointed his cousin regent, and carried his sons along with him to the seat of war. At sunrise the king passed through the streets of Florence, amidst loud acclamations, good wishes, and blessings, to the railway station, where he embraced Baron Ricasoli, saying, 'I commend our country to you.'

The ardent applause which greeted the king was in answer to one of his fiery proclamations issued the day before, explaining the reasons of the war, which were—the inveterate hostility of Austria to Italian liberty, her refusal of a pacific settlement of the quarrel by means of a congress, and her threatening attitude on the Italian frontier, which was a continual source of disturbance and inquietude to his state. He thanked his people and army for the ready response they had given to his call ; expressed a strong conviction that the justice of their cause would be recognised by public opinion, and concluded thus :—

Italians,—I commit the government of the state to my most beloved cousin Prince Eugenio, and I take up again the sword of Goito, Pastrengo, Palestro, and San Martino. I feel in my heart a conviction that

this time I shall completely fulfil the vow I made on the tomb of my magnanimous parent. I will be once more the first soldier of Italian independence.
Viva l'Italia !

Given from Florence, June 20, 1866.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

RICASOLI.

To the National Guards.

Officers, Sub-officers, and Militia of the National Guards,—I commit the sovereign authority to my beloved cousin Prince Eugenio, and I turn again to fight the last supreme battles for the liberty and independence of Italy. While the forces of land and sea will vindicate the nation's rights against the threats and provocations of Austria, you will maintain her well ordered and tranquil, because in obeying the laws she will strengthen her liberties and prepare herself for the glorious future that awaits her. You have constituted this kingdom by your votes : preserve it intact by your discipline and your citizen arms. To you I commit, in full confidence, the guardianship of public order, and calmly I go where the voice of Italy calls me.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Victor Emmanuel to Napoleon III.

Sire and Brother,—I announce to your majesty that, faithful to the intention with Prussia, I have this morning declared war to Austria.

My army, which confronts the enemy, counts over 250,000 active men. I have a reserve of 50,000, and very soon I may have another as good. I start to-morrow to assume the command of the army. My heart is joyous and full of confidence in the future.

I thank your majesty for all that you have done for us, and I pray you not to forget us, and me in particular, who am your majesty's good brother,

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

The emperor replied that in the interests of his country he had resolved on maintaining a strict neutrality; but he would never cease to pray for the happiness of his 'good brother' and the independence of Italy.

Order of the Day.

Officers, Sub-officers, and Soldiers,—Austria arming on the frontier challenges you to new battles. In my own name, in the name of the nation, I call you to arms. This cry of war shall be as heretofore a cry of joy to you. Whatever be your duty I will not tell it you, because I am satisfied that you know it. Confiding in the justice of our cause, strong in the right, by our arms we must accomplish our unity.

I assume to-day the command of the army, to fulfil the duty which awaits me and you, to liberate the people of Venetia who have long groaned under an iron yoke. You shall conquer, and your name shall be blessed by present and future generations.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

fighting for, worth dying for, if need be. 'I appreciate this anxiety about the lives of the princes,' he said, 'but my sons are soldiers and must fight. If we princes of Savoy remained at home at ease while our soldiers fought for us, we should end like the Bourbons of Naples.'

Meantime the Prussian arms were everywhere victorious over Austria, and about ten days after the battle of Custozza it was announced in the *Moniteur* that Austria had asked the Emperor Napoleon's mediation, offering to cede him Venice, and that he was making over that province to the King of Italy. Italy could not accept it without the consent of her ally Prussia; and while negotiations were going forward on the subject, the brief seven weeks' campaign was brought to a conclusion by the great victory of Sadowa, and on July 26 the preliminaries of peace were signed by the Austrian and Prussian plenipotentiaries.

Though defeated by the Prussians, the Austrians had been victorious in two encounters with the Italians, and these reverses, coming after such sanguine expectations, having sunk the country in gloom and misery, the national misfortune had to be accounted for by imputing mismanagement to the government.

The king, finding his army very much diminished, and hemmed in between the Austrian forces, the Po and the Adige, began to see the necessity of an immediate armistice. But to take upon himself the responsibility of concluding an armistice, so sure to be unpopular, would be rash. He despatched General Menabrea to

Florence to explain the desperate state of things at the seat of war, and ask the approval of the government to what was an unavoidable step. To wait for a reply might be dangerous; and the king and General La Marmora opened negotiations with the Austrians at once, resolved to disregard every consideration but what was best for the country.

It was then that La Marmora, with that high-souled loyalty which always distinguished him, resolved to throw himself between the king and the nation. A constitutional sovereign must not be permitted by his minister to do anything that would bring upon him the odium of his people. 'I take the whole responsibility, whatever may happen,' said he.

'This is too much, dear La Marmora,' replied Victor Emmanuel, pressing both his hands with emotion; 'I must have my share.'

The king and the general sustained each other in their patriotic resolution to conclude an armistice. 'They will accuse us of having betrayed the country,' said Victor, 'but we will sacrifice even our reputation to preserve the army, and with it the nation.'

The government approved of the armistice. Venice was restored to Italy by the Emperor of France, with the approval of Prussia. There was a sting in the thought that it was not wrung from the talons of the Austrian eagle by the colour of Italian arms, but by the force of diplomacy. It was a delightful fact that Venice was freed from the Austrian occupation; and the Italian soldiers were engaged on St. Mark's.

the never-to-be-forgotten cry, *Fuori lo Straniero!* which had resounded so long throughout the peninsula, was to be heard no more.

During the period of the armistice, before the treaty of peace was signed, there was an interlude which diverted the public interest from the late disasters in the form of an insurrection in Sicily, which was quickly suppressed by General Cadorna, who had with him the sympathy of the respectable portion of the community. It was conducted by those lawless adventurers who had been hitherto accustomed to live as they pleased, and prey upon their neighbours, and consequently disliked the new order of things, as tending to do away with their privileges. This movement was the last expiring effort of the Bourbons to restore their dynasty in Italy.

As soon as the treaty was signed at Vienna, October 2, the Venetian Assemblies unanimously elected Victor Emmanuel with acclamations, and begged for immediate annexation to the kingdom of Italy. On November 4, in the city of Turin, Victor Emmanuel received the deputation which came to proffer him the homage of the inhabitants of Venetia; and not only did the citizens greet them with demonstrations of joy, but visitors from all parts of the Peninsula were assembled to welcome them, as brothers long separated by a cruel fate, at last reunited to the Italian family. The exiled Venetians wept for joy to think they should see again their dear native city. The king, in bestowing the Order of the SS. Annunciata upon Generals Cialdini and Menabrea, also decorated the breast of the blind Vene-

tian, Paleocapa, who had resigned with the Cavour cabinet, disgusted with the peace of Villafranca, but who was now full of joy at the thought of breathing his native air once more.

Victor Emmanuel was radiant with happiness. Who will blame him if in that moment he forgot Custozza and Lissa, and thought only that the labour of his life was accomplished, that the vow he made on his father's tomb, so often renewed, was at last fulfilled ; that the foreigner was finally expelled from Italian soil, and he was no longer required to hate anybody? With him, the hackneyed phrase, 'This is the happiest moment of my life,' was no mere figure of speech, for he had never used it before in any public address.

Victor Emmanuel's Reply to the Venetians.

Gentlemen,—This is the most beautiful day of my life.

It is now nineteen years since my father proclaimed from this city the war of national independence. To-day, his birthday, you, gentlemen, bring me the manifestation of the popular will of the Venetian provinces, which we now unite to the great Italian country (*patria Italiana*), declaring as an accomplished fact the desire of my august parent. You confirm by this solemn act that which Venetia did in 1848, and which she maintained with such admirable constancy and self-abnegation. Let me here pay a tribute to those brave men who with their blood, and with sacrifices of every sort, have secured for us the faith to their country

and to her destinies. With this day shall disappear from the Peninsula every vestige of foreign domination.¹ Italy is made, if not completed; it now rests with the Italians to make her great and prosperous.

Gentlemen, the Iron Crown is also restored in this solemn day to Italy. But above this crown I place that which to me is dearer—the crown of my people's love.

On November 7 Victor Emmanuel made a solemn entry into the most beautiful, and, after Rome, the most interesting city of the Italian peninsula. To tell how he was received would only be to repeat what already has been said about similar entries into the other capitals. Enough to say that 'the Bride of the Sea' gave him a welcome in no way inferior to that of the sister cities. While here he had the pleasure of meeting and entertaining the firm friend of Italian independence, Lord Russell. At the same dinner, which was composed of a curious conglomeration of guests, was the Austrian General Moring, and the Cardinal Trevisanato, Patriarch of Venice.

After visiting several towns of Venetia the king returned to Florence on November 21.

Hot upon the settlement of the Venetian question, came the discussion of that of Rome, which after the evacuation of the French troops seemed more com-

¹ The French, in fulfilment of the convention of September 1864, were evacuating Rome.

plicated than ever. The Catholic powers were now anxious to accommodate the quarrel between Italy and the Pope, and they offered to guarantee him his income and his independence if he would reconcile himself to the national will. But Pius IX. was immovable in his determination to oppose it to the last.

It was proposed that the Eternal City, and the little Pontifical State around it, should be guaranteed to the Pope and protected by the Italian Government. But to this arrangement the Italians never would consent, for without Rome the unification of Italy was incomplete. As for the Romans they had a thousand reasons for opposing such an arrangement. The bare consideration of the idea by their more fortunate countrymen outside the sacred limits of the Church's State, would seem cruel ingratitude after all they had suffered for the national cause. In the midst of this agitation and diplomatic discussions on the Roman question, Parliament was opened, to receive for the first time the Venetian deputies, who took their oaths and seats in the midst of that pleasing excitement which always followed the annexation of a new province; and King Victor spoke in that tone of congratulation which was natural to a man who, if he did not 'swallow a province a day,' as a Milanese soldier once said, had within the last seven years absorbed seven principalities.¹

¹ King Victor related the following anecdote to his ministers one day : 'In 1861 I was holding a review on the Piazza d' Armi in Milan. Opposite me was a regiment, the soldiers of which held their eyes fixed on mine, as discipline prescribes. Two of them, without moving their heads, held the

The speech from the throne is so long that we will only give the opening paragraph and that one which refers to Rome.

The King's Speech, December 15, 1866.

Gentlemen Senators,—Gentlemen Deputies,—The country is free at last from every foreign domination. My soul exults in telling it to the representatives of 25,000,000 Italians. The nation had faith in me, I had faith in the nation. This great event crowning our common efforts, gives new vigour to the work of civilisation and renders more secure the political equilibrium of Europe.

The French Government, faithful to the obligations it assumed in the convention of September 1864, has withdrawn her military forces from Rome. On its part the Italian Government, maintaining its engagements, has respected, and will respect, the Pontifical territory.

The good understanding with the Emperor of the French, to whom we are bound by the ties of friendship and gratitude, the moderation of the Romans, the wisdom of the Pontiff, the religious sentiment and right judgment of the Italian people, will all contri-

following dialogue, which, though spoken in a low voice, I overheard, for, as you may have perceived. gentlemen, I have excellent hearing. "Look at our king, is he not fine and fat?" "That he is, but considering that he eats a province a day, what wonder that he should be fine and fat?"

bute to reconcile Catholic interests and national aspirations, which are being mixed up confusedly in the agitations at Rome.

Reverential towards the religion of our fathers, which is also the religion of the greater part of the Italians, I render homage at the same time to the principles of liberty that inform our institutions, which, applied with sincerity and breadth of judgment, will help to remove the old causes of difference between the Church and State. These our provisions, reassuring Catholic consciences, will, I hope, assist in the fulfilment of my desire, that the Supreme Pontiff should remain independent at Rome.

General Pettinengo having resigned his post as Minister of War, in the belief that the king was dissatisfied with him, Victor wrote as follows :—

Victor Emmanuel to General Pettinengo.

I am vexed to see in a letter from you, directed to the Count Verasis, that you imagine that I am ill-disposed towards you. If such were the case, I must very soon have forgotten the many services rendered by you to the State, the special merit of having accepted, solely to oblige me, the portfolio of War in difficult times, and finally the zeal which you showed for the army when it was put on a war footing. If some things have not gone as I desired, I certainly did not mean to blame you, dear general; I attributed it rather to an old system, which has need of modifications.

Ingratitude is, for the most part, the reward of those who labour for the public good. I also have had hard experience of this for a long time ; and, less fortunate than you, I cannot yet ask my dismissal. These lines I hope will be sufficient to prove to you, dearest general, that you preserve always the esteem and the friendship of

Your most affectionate

VITTORIO EMANUELE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE KING AND POPE.—FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES.—
MARRIAGE OF PRINCE AMADEUS. A.D. 1867.

THE French army being withdrawn from Rome, the Pope had no other defenders than his foreign mercenaries ; his little state was hemmed round on all the land sides by the possessions of the robber-king, who had undertaken to defend him against foreign aggression and protect him in the exercise of his spiritual authority. As temporal sovereign he was tottering on his throne ; his subjects were thoroughly disaffected, and in that ancient seat of priestly power which once ruled Christendom, the Pope could not now command the willing obedience of other than his Swiss guards and ecclesiastics. Not daring to trust himself without the protection of a large military force, he again raised a foreign legion, to take the place of the French troops. This proceeding irritated the Romans more than ever ; and instead of practising that patience which the king recommended, they lost all hope in diplomacy, and took to their old expedient of conspiracy.

‘The internal tempest which rages in Rome,’ writes

Castelar, 'is at once perceptible to the stranger. There are 400 persons now in prison for political offences. A priest of high position, and an intimate friend of the Pope, assures me that there are in Rome now 70,000 Garibaldians. A state which scarcely contains 600,000 souls keeps a standing army of 20,000. These 20,000 are men of different nations, languages, and customs.'

Meantime it was necessary for the court of Florence and that of Rome to hold some communication with reference to ecclesiastical preferments. A dispute arose about the Archbishopric of Milan, the Pope not approving of the king's nomination, and *vice versâ*. At last the matter was amicably settled to the satisfaction of all parties. Several letters were exchanged between the heads of the Church and State on these ecclesiastical matters. The Pope's missives, when not treating of the political questions of the day, were courteous and not unfriendly; and he was heard to say at this time that he preferred dealing with Victor Emmanuel than with the Bourbons of Naples or Leopold of Tuscany.

Victor Emmanuel's communications, it is needless to say, always breathed a profound reverence for the Head of the Church, as such; and as it was in this character he now approached him, the correspondence between the two illustrious rivals merged into a kinder tone than one would have believed possible between the excommunicated monarch and the offended Pontiff. The correspondence was of a private nature; but Victor

Emmanuel communicated the general contents to his confidential advisers. Pio Nono in one of his letters explained why he could not recognise him nor bless Victor as 'King of Italy,' though in his own person, and in his quality of King of Sardinia, he did so willingly.

The king, in speaking of this letter, said :—

I replied to the following effect :—I have often read in books approved of by the Roman Church, that the Almighty sometimes avails himself of a king to castigate a pope, or a pope to castigate a king. If your holiness cannot recognise nor bless the King of Italy, as such, you can at least bless in him the instrument of which Divine Providence avails himself for ends beyond our penetration.

Meantime the question of the separation of the Church and State, and the readjustment of ecclesiastical property, was before Parliament, and the government being defeated with a motion of censure, resolved to appeal to the country in a general election.

The king's speech on opening the new Parliament, March 22, will give a general idea of the state of affairs. The nation was now on the verge of bankruptcy, and nothing but the secularisation of Church property could save its credit.

The King's Speech.

Gentlemen Ser-
good of Italy
esteemed it

ty Deputies,—For the
stinities to me, I
f the country

should calm itself at the sources of national suffrage. I hope that it has there derived a consciousness of the grave necessities of the country, and the strength to provide for them.

We have had the time for bold propositions and daring enterprises. I met them confident in the sanctity of the cause which God had called me to defend. The nation replied eagerly to my voice. With harmony and persevering labour we acquired independence and we maintain liberty.

But now that her existence is assured, Italy requires that we do not, in intemperate rivalries, lose the vigour of mind and soul which is necessary to give her wise and stable laws ; so that, in peace and tranquillity, those elements of prosperity which Providence bestows so largely, may have time to fructify. The nation expects that Parliament and government will undertake resolutely this work of reparation. The people love and prize institutions in proportion to the benefits they bring them. It is necessary to show that our institutions satisfy the noblest aspirations of efficiency and national dignity, while at the same time affording a guarantee for the good order of the state and the well-being of the population, that in them their faith in the liberty which is the honour and the strength of our constitution may not be diminished.

For the attainment of this object my government will present for your deliberation a complete scheme for the improvement of the administration, which

will strengthen at the same time both liberty and authority.

The necessities and engagements of the state hinder me for the present from lightening as I could wish the heavy imposts which weigh upon my people. But a legitimate liquidation of the ecclesiastical assets, a severe economy in the expenses, a diligent application of the new laws, an austere morality maintained in all parts of the public administration, will operate so that the taxes may become less burdensome. Only the prompt discussion and efficacious execution of the proposed reforms can restore our credit and remove the necessity of new taxes. To-day the question of the finances is for Italy not only a question of supreme interest, but also a question of honour and of national dignity. I doubt not the Parliament will turn all its attention to solve it.

On solemn occasions we have promised to Europe that when once we were complete in our entity as a nation, she would find in us a power given to civilisation, to order, and to peace. It now rests with us to maintain that promise, and to respond to the hopes that we have taught her to conceive of us.

Gentlemen Senators,—Gentlemen Deputies,—The honour, the welfare, and the future of Italy are in your hands. If it is glory to have, with so many sacrifices, conducted the fulfilment of the work of our independence, and to have given to the nation the movement and vigour, it is no less glory to

set her in order within, to make her sure of herself, respected, prosperous and strong.

Another ministerial crisis followed on the opening of Parliament. Baron Ricasoli resigned, and Signor Ratazzi was called to form a new ministry.

In the April of this year died, comparatively young, Baron Carlo Poerio, to the great grief of the king and the nation. Poerio was the Silvio Pellico of Naples; he had suffered indescribable martyrdom in the prisons, in the galleys, in exile; but so far from making a merit of this, he shrank with a painful modesty from any mention of his trials. His simple, beautiful character had won the admiration of Victor Emmanuel, who had conceived for him an immense regard, and felt his death as a national misfortune.

On May 30, Victor Emmanuel's second son, Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, married Maria Vittoria, daughter of Prince Pozzo della Cisterna,—the head of a rich and very ancient Piedmontese family, devoted to the national cause.

The prince was not much past twenty-one, but his youth was full of promise which his manhood has since fulfilled. As ruler of the most disordered country in Europe, his firmness, courage, and rectitude of purpose were acknowledged even by those who rejected his authority. The bitterest enemies of monarchy find it difficult to pick a hole in the character of Amadeo of Savoy—save only that he has a slight dash of the superstition of his fathers. The bride was in every way



worthy of the noble prince who had chosen her, and the marriage was—for a royal marriage—a wonderfully happy one. The princess being Italian made this matrimony particularly acceptable to the nation, and there were great rejoicings and demonstrations of loyalty on the occasion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MENTANA. A.D. 1867.

MEANTIME things were going from bad to worse in Rome. The hatred between the governing and the governed was becoming fiercer and more uncontrollable. The Inquisition was at work to discover treason as well as heresy, seditious acts and words were punished with extreme rigour, the sentences passed being in many cases unjust ; the soldiers of the foreign legion were insolent and overbearing, and the patience of the Romans was quite exhausted. The immense number of ecclesiastics congregated in the capital and filling every office of the state, and the close connection which many of them had with the old nobility, made the clerical party still formidable, supported as it was by a strong military force. Nevertheless, the citizens resolved to appeal to arms once more, though many of their most daring spirits were in prison, in the galleys, or in exile.

The liberator, who had listened to the 'cry of anguish' from the provinces, seemed deaf to all their entreaties, and preached patience to them while the rest of Italy was congratulating herself on being 'made.' So they turned their hopes to the rash but generous chief who



had made so many hopeless efforts to aid them in the past. During the five years that had elapsed since Aspromonte, Garibaldi had lived in retirement in Caprera, nursing his wound and brooding over the disjointed state of the world, which he was firmly convinced would never be set right till all the priests were exterminated. This hostility to the clergy endeared him to the Romans ; and almost all the popular songs of this time had the *Camicia Rossa* for a hero. They asked him where did he hide himself when the voice of Italy called him : why did he not take his flight to the Capitol, where the bones of Brutus and Cassius summoned him ? Was he afflicted, suffering, depressed ? Then he was all the more dear to them for those very reasons ; the scorn of the Moderates only made him the greater—

Ed Aspromonte farti non possa
Meno magnanimo, Camicia Rossa !

He responded to the call, and took the field once more, with the old cry of 'Rome or death!'—magic words, which drew hundreds of ardent young enthusiasts into the ranks of his veteran band of volunteers, ready at the bidding of their chief to undertake any desperate enterprise.

The clerical party in Rome, knowing the disaffection that reigned in the city, and dreading the approach of the Garibaldians, made an outcry which was echoed by the Ultramontanes in France—all declaring that the Italian Government was false to the convention of 1864. The cry of the papal party frightened the

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vacillating emperor into ordering a large body of troops to embark for Civita Vecchia to protect the Pontifical States.

Victor Emmanuel found himself in a most embarrassing position. Saving only the first year of his reign he never had passed through such a difficult and trying one—with regard to public affairs—as this year of 1867.

All the complications of the Roman question were becoming more intricate. He was pledged to protect the papal frontier, but not to occupy the territory with his troops. And now that it was about to be invaded by Italian volunteers, in defiance of the king's government, how was he to fulfil his compact without sending troops across the frontier? Fearful agitation reigned, not only in the capital, but throughout Italy, the sympathy of the whole nation being with the Romans and the Garibaldians. The king's sympathies there is no doubt were with them also. It was hard for him, feeling as he did, to act the unpopular part which diplomacy dictated and the interest of the country demanded. To make matters worse, the ministry was in a critical position ; in fact no ministry had had any stability since the convention of 1864, and consequently great care and responsibility fell upon the king. Orders were given to use severe repressive measures with the volunteers ; Garibaldi was arrested, and, at his own request, carried to Caprera, where he was kept in honourable confinement. Victor Emmanuel could not bear to subject the general to harsh treatment, for he was still



suffering from the effects of his wound at Aspromonte ; and the memory of that day was bitter to the king.

Garibaldi's body might be imprisoned at Caprera, but, like old John Brown,

His soul went marching on.

The fire which he had fanned into a flame could not be quenched. It increased in fury when the news arrived that a French army was embarking at Toulon to re-occupy the Roman State ; and a civil war, or war with France, seemed imminent.

At this unhappy moment the Ratazzi ministry, unable to cope with such overwhelming difficulties, resigned. The king called for General Cialdini ; but to compose a ministry at such a crisis of public affairs was no easy matter. Many days passed before anything was decided with regard to the constitution of the new cabinet. The volunteers gathering strength and determination, approached the Roman frontier. The king and the country had often felt Cavour's loss, but never more than at this terrible juncture, when Victor Emmanuel stood alone, trying to guide the tempest-tossed ship of state from foundering on the rocks which threatened her with destruction. His Neapolitan biographer, in speaking of this period, says :—

I have already had occasion to note, but the repetition is not superfluous, the rare acumen with which Victor Emmanuel solved the most delicate constitutional questions, and in the most difficult moments knew how to draw himself out of an imbroglio by wise,

and in every way unexceptionable resolutions. That would be a title to merited praise even in a king of England, descended in a long line from constitutional princes, because they have drunk in and been penetrated with the teaching which is derived from constant observance of the traditions of Parliament. But it excites marvel in a king like Victor Emmanuel, the first of his race to exercise the prerogative, lofty but at the same time most delicate, of a constitutional sovereign. It is an example unique in history.

General Cialdini failing to construct a ministry, General Menabrea hastily collected together a few devoted adherents of the throne, who, like the king, were ready to sacrifice their popularity to save the country from imminent danger. Strong measures were taken to maintain public order. The royal troops were ordered to guard the papal frontier, hoping to check the Garibaldian movement and induce the volunteers to unite themselves with the regular army.

Royal Proclamation.

Italians!—Bands of volunteers, excited and seduced by the work of a faction, without authority from me or my government, have violated the frontier of the state. The respect due equally by all citizens to the laws and international conditions sanctioned by the Parliament and by me, establishes in these grave circumstances an inexorable obligation of

honour. Europe knows that the banner raised in the neighbouring lands, on which was written the destruction of the supreme spiritual authority of the Head of the Catholic religion, is not mine. This attempt places the common country in grave peril, and imposes on me the imperious duty of saving the honour of the nation, by not allowing to be confounded in one, two causes absolutely distinct—two objects totally diverse.

Italy must be secured against the dangers that may come. Europe must be convinced that Italy, faithful to her engagements, does not wish to be, and will not be, a disturber of the public order. War with our allies would be a fratricidal war between two armies which have fought for the same cause.

I am the depository of the right of declaring peace or war for the nation, and I cannot tolerate the usurpation of it. I trust therefore that the voice of reason will be listened to, and that the Italian citizens who are violating that right will quickly place themselves in the ranks of our troops. The perils and the disorders which this ill-advised project may create among us ought to be forsworn by them, who should maintain firmly the authority of the government and the inviolability of the laws.

The honour of the country is in my hands, and the confidence that the nation had in me in her days of mourning shall not be disappointed. When the excitement has calmed down and public order is fully re-established, then my government, in agreement

with that of France, and according to the vote of Parliament, will try sincerely by every loyal effort to find a solution which will put a termination to the grave and important question of the Romans.

Italians!—I have and always will put confidence in your sense, as you have done in the affection of your king for this great country, which, thanks to our common sacrifices, we have at last placed upon the roll of nations, and which we ought to transmit to our sons honoured and entire.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Florence, October 27, 1867.

Meantime negotiations were being carried on with the French Government to impede the disembarkation of the troops at Civita Vecchia. General La Marmora was despatched in hot haste to remonstrate with the emperor, and tell him, if he did not want to see the young nation sunk in a bloody revolution, to refrain from interference. The Marquis Pepoli being then in the French capital, also had an interview with Napoleon III., and communicated the result to the king, who telegraphed a reply to the following effect :—

To the Marquis Pepoli, Paris.

Received your report. I thank you. The government, desiring to make known to the Emperor of the French the new condition of the country, which is alarming, sends La Marmora. You will go to the

emperor to-day or to-morrow. Tell him on my word, that, in case of the French disembarkation, we should occupy part of the Pontifical territory; this occupation shall not be political, and I pledge myself that no complication or misadventure shall happen between the French and us in pursuance of the orders that I have given; tell him that I find it impossible to act otherwise because of the great excitement of the country. Turin is already rising, and Naples threatens to do so; I am to call troops to arms, because Parliament, which had taken them from us, is not now able to repress the disturbances.

Entreat the emperor to believe in my good faith and friendship for him, but ask him to consider my position. Tell him if the Garibaldian bands are repulsed (by the papal troops) we will disarm them.

Let the emperor tell me immediately where we can hold a congress. I think Savona a convenient place; and the sooner it is done the better for both of us. Write me something by telegraph, and then start at once and come to me with the latest news. I have need of you here; your presence is necessary in these difficult moments.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Oct. 30; hour 3.45.

This telegram, the composition of which shows that it was written in great haste and agitation, will give a faint idea of the distress and anxiety which the king suffered at this period. 'Do not think of me,' he said

to his ministers ; 'think only of saving Italy by any measures possible. Do what you esteem best ; I will bear the consequences.'

In spite of the ill-regulated zeal of the volunteers and their disobedience to his authority, Victor Emmanuel had a great tenderness for those misguided youths ; and he had earnestly hoped that his proclamation would have recalled them to a sense of their duty as citizens and subjects. In the hope of winning them over to join the ranks of the royal army, the Italian troops were ordered to cross the papal frontier.

This precaution was interpreted in a hostile sense by the Pontifical authorities, who loudly proclaimed that the King of Italy had violated the convention. It was well for them, however, that Victor Emmanuel stood between them and the seething fury of the nation at that moment ; if he had slackened the reins of government and let the storm take its course, guided by the republican leaders, history would have had a different story to tell than the defeat of the volunteers at Mentana. Whoever has read Garibaldi's book, *The Rule of the Monk*, will be able to form an idea of how the clergy were regarded by the Republican party, and the fate that would have been allotted to the dignitaries of the Church had they come into power. Happily for humanity and civilisation, a wise, firm, and tolerant prince was at the head of the state, who, in order to maintain his treaty in the spirit, sacrificed the letter.

But matters had gone too far with the Romans and their sympathisers outside to admit of a peaceable

termination. Menotti Garibaldi, at the head of the volunteers, had entered the State of the Church, and the inhabitants rose as one man to welcome them and join their ranks. In each town their forces were augmented; they passed through the country defeating the papal troops everywhere, and marched on the Eternal City. It had been pre-arranged that the conspirators in the city were to admit the invading forces by the gate of St. Paul; but the government having discovered a great quantity of firearms concealed near this gate, the plot miscarried. The rebels, surprised, made a desperate resistance, but were overcome and cut down with great havoc; those outside, attempting an entrance, also fell victims to the well-armed and well-disciplined Swiss Guards. The leader of the rebel band was the brother of the late prime minister of Italy, Carioli, who won so much renown, in November last, by saving his king's life almost with the sacrifice of his own. Young Carioli fell mortally wounded, and expired crying, *Viva Roma!* Deeds of great brutality were afterwards committed by the papal soldiers, but were disowned by the government when they came to be publicly known.

The Roman Consulta, or senate, presented a petition to the Pope, signed by 12,000 citizens, entreating him to call Victor Emmanuel's army to Rome, as the only means of restoring order and peace. But that was the last course which Pius would have thought of adopting.

Meantime Garibaldi, having escaped from Caprera, took the field once more, and met with a decided

success at Monterotundo, a few miles from Rome, 800 prisoners remaining in his hands. At the head of 3,000 men he reached Mentana, where he encountered the French army, which the emperor had sent to defend the temporal power. Superior in numbers, in discipline, and in arms, the French made fearful havoc in the ranks of the volunteers, who fell under the deadly fire of the *chassepots* like grass before the scythe.

At this moment Pepoli arrived from Paris, and found the king almost broken-hearted, brooding over the thought of all the generous young blood which ensanguined the field of Mentana. He agreed to recall his troops from the papal territory, so as to give no one an excuse for saying he violated the convention. Who will blame him if at that moment his heart was full of bitterness towards his 'august ally,' who had all but ruined at the last moment the work of his lifetime ?

He directed the marquis to write a letter to the emperor. When Pepoli had written it he gave it to the king to read, who exclaimed, 'How is this? you have said nothing about the *chassepots*. Ah, those *chassepots* have mortally wounded my heart as father and as king. I feel as if the balls had torn my flesh here,' and he put his hand to his breast. 'It is one of the greatest griefs that I have ever known in all my life.'

The marquis having supplied the omission, handed the letter again to the king, and observed the tears rolling down his cheeks as he murmured '*Poveri giovani*' (poor youths).

The Marquis Pepoli to the Emperor of the French.

Sire,—The king's government, in recalling the Italian troops from Roman territory, has rendered a service, in my opinion, not only to Italy, but to the cause of liberty in Europe, avoiding fatal complications and a civil war. It finds itself, however, in a dubious and grievous position with regard to the country. It finds itself accused of having ceded to foreign pressure, which is the worst and most cruel accusation which can be brought against a government. It is necessary that it should be reinforced, if it is to govern the country with a firm hand, if it is to vindicate the principle of offended authority, if it is, without going beyond the laws, to find in the laws themselves the remedy for the evils that torment Italy.

Your majesty will effectively contribute to this by removing even the appearance of an alliance with the Clerical party, which would be, I will not say fatal to Italy, but most fatal to France, and the Napoleonic dynasty.

I dare to hope that your majesty will not hesitate to do this, because if the need of satisfying the national susceptibilities, and the obligation of respecting your own word, counselled you to refuse every demand to suspend the expedition to Rome, the same reasons do not exist to-day to make you refuse to recall your army. No; the permanence of the French banner at Rome would not be a pledge to the national honour,

but to the ireful vengeance of the reactionary party.

I dare affirm that the return of the French expedition would be saluted by all liberal Europe with joy, and that an immense majority of the French people would applaud it.

Believe me, your majesty, it is best to break with a party which dreams of commencing the restoration at Rome and finishing it at Paris. Do not league yourself with the Legitimist clericals. Your majesty can, if you will, be the head of the Liberal party in Europe, of that party which has the future in its hands, which will regenerate the world, in spite of the efforts of the feudal party. It is your majesty's mission to finish once for all with the old world ; you ought to have the glory of uniting religion and liberty. You have made the word of France respected ; you can, if you will, reconquer lost ground, complete the work initiated, and be the Charlemagne of liberty in Europe.

Pardon, sire, if I have spoken with my customary frankness. But Italy to-day, after the withdrawal of her own troops, has a right to ask justice from Europe. If your majesty follows a liberal policy in Rome, the benefits of it will react on the internal policy of France.

The late events have suffocated every remembrance of gratitude in the heart of Italy. It is no longer in the power of the government to maintain the alliance with France. The *chassepot* gun at Mentana has given it a mortal blow.

But this alliance is not contemptible, sire ; it is an

alliance more safe and effective than that of the Clerical party. Your majesty can, if you will, without offending the dignity of your nation, revivify it and make it fruitful.

GIOACHINO PEPOLI

Florence, Nov. 6, 1867.

But while Victor Emmanuel wept the fate of the brave youths who fell at Mentana, he had to vindicate his outraged authority by punishing those who survived. The leaders of the movement were arrested, and the arch-offender, Garibaldi, was conducted to the fortress of Varignano a close prisoner. He was cheered enthusiastically at Spezzia, and at every place where he was seen. He was once more the hero of the day, and Victor Emmanuel was under a cloud. After order had been restored somewhat, Garibaldi, whose health was much broken, asked and obtained the royal pardon, and was once more conducted to Caprera.

Certainly, between the Garibaldians, and the reactionists, and the French emperor, Victor Emmanuel did not lie on a bed of roses. He had been forced to act a part most repugnant to his feelings, which placed him in a false position towards his subjects and involved him in unmerited unpopularity. Between two evils he had chosen the least, resolved to do his duty at any personal cost; but the trial was great. 'I have the honour of bearing the title of king, and sometimes I find it very heavy,' Victor Emmanuel once wrote in a private letter; and we can well believe it. To constitute a vast

kingdom out of a number of small states long divided, to 'make' a nation, as he expressed it, out of such elements as went to compose the 'geographical expression' known as Italy, involved a herculean labour which few men would have had the strength and perseverance to conduct to a *finale*, and which could not possibly be accomplished without many difficulties and trials. We can imagine him sometimes, weary of the fitful fever of his existence, looking with envy at a sovereign like Queen Victoria, calmly reposing on the broad and solid foundations of an old hereditary and constitutional monarchy.

The ministry, as the Marquis Pepoli had said, was in a dubious and painful position. The Chambers were reopened on December 1, when the Roman question was put under discussion and gave occasion to passionate debates. One deputy proposed a resolution to approve the conduct of the government, expressing regrets that the friendly relations with France had suffered, and declaring in explicit terms that Italy had a moral right to Rome. The resolution was rejected by a majority of two. 'In the majority there were deputies of the extreme right who would not agree to the affirmation of Italy's right to Rome; deputies of the left, who would not express regrets for the altered relations with France; deputies of the centre, who were irritated by the offensive words pronounced with regard to Italy in the French rostrum; and those deputies who habitually oppose any ministry whatever.' The ministry resigned, and the king accepted their resignation, but

immediately empowered General Menabrea to form a new cabinet.

At the time of the ministerial crisis there arrived in Florence a distinguished traveller on his way to Rome—an English statesman for whom Victor Emmanuel had a profound respect. Lord Clarendon was an old acquaintance; and the king talked freely to him of his difficulties and perplexities, and asked him to be the bearer of a message to the Pontiff. He begged him to assure his holiness of his affection, which no political dissension had power to change; to lay before him the true state of affairs, and to say that the longer the policy of resistance lasted, seeking support from foreign interventions, the more painful would be the inevitable end. Lord Clarendon delivered the message. 'They are strange people, these Italians, pretending to unite Italy without my aid,' said the Pope. Lord Clarendon suggested that his holiness might aid in the process by sending his blessing to the King of Italy. But Pius was still obdurate. He said he did not trust in foreign interventions, but in some miracle of Providence. 'Providence has worked miracles, your holiness, during the last ten years, but all in favour of Italy,' was the prompt reply of the Englishman.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE.—ANECDOTES OF
VICTOR EMMANUEL'S CHARITY.—SPANISH REVOLU-
TION. A.D. 1868.

HUMBERT, Prince of Piedmont, was now in his twenty-fourth year, an unusually long time for a crown prince to be permitted to live in single blessedness. His younger brother was already provided with a wife, and that he had escaped matrimony so long was owing to a fatal accident which had carried off the young archduchess who had been fixed upon as a suitable match to strengthen the growing friendship between the Houses of Savoy and Hapsburg. When a decent time had elapsed after this misfortune, the king ordered his prime minister to find him a bride for the prince.

'Voglio assolutamente ch' Ella mi trovi una sposa per Umberto.'

General Menabrea promptly replied that she was already found ; there was only wanting the will of his majesty and the consent of the prince. It was the daughter of the Duke of Genoa, the Princess Margherita, whom he had fixed upon as the future Queen of Italy. The king had not thought of his niece in this light ; so

he asked the general to tell him about the qualities of the princess, and what had suggested the idea to him. Menabrea related anecdotes illustrative of her noble disposition, strength of character, delicacy of feeling, and dilated on the advantage of securing this flower of womanhood to the House of Savoy and the Italian nation, before she was snatched up by the Prince of Roumania, who was about to offer her his hand.

The king listened with increasing satisfaction, and then, striking the table with his fist, as he often did when he was excited, exclaimed—‘Bravo! from all that you have related I recognise in her the Savoy blood. Now that you have told me so many nice things about my niece, I will go and assure myself of it personally.’

He set out for Turin immediately, and arrived unexpectedly at the palace of the Duchess of Genoa. In private conversation with the princess he fully satisfied himself that all he had heard of her goodness was true, and henceforth he took her to his heart as a daughter.

The Duke of Genoa died young, leaving his two children, Margherita and Tommaso to the guardianship of their mother, and their uncle the king, with injunctions that they should be educated *in patria*; he had great faith in early impressions, and he wished his children to love their country as he and his brother did. Margherita was now a lovely girl of eighteen, delicately fair, with eyes of a deeper hue than usually accompany a blonde complexion, and a smile of bewitching sweetness. That smile is always ready in answer to the loyal and affectionate greetings of the

people ; whether it be gay or sad, and we have seen it both, it goes straight to the hearts of the Italians, and stirs a sentiment of respectful admiration in the foreign spectator. Margherita's excellent qualities, winning sweetness of character, and personal grace, have endeared her to the nation in an extraordinary degree, particularly since her husband came to the throne. As princess she was beloved, as queen she is absolutely adored.

It is probable that the proposition of marriage with Umberto was agreeable to the princess ; the Savoy family entertain a high opinion of one another, and no doubt she liked her kinsman better than the Prince of Roumania, a foreigner whom she had never seen. Umberto readily gave his consent. Princes must marry whether they like it or not, and this being the case, where could he find so desirable a bride as his fair cousin ? So the marriage was quickly arranged.

Prince Umberto had, like his father, early earned for himself the reputation of a gay character. But Victor Emmanuel's kingly virtues and genial pleasant ways made people overlook and excuse the faults from which princes are so rarely exempt, while Umberto, being as yet untried in public life, had no title to the gratitude or forbearance of the nation. His manners moreover were not conciliatory ; being of a reserved and undemonstrative nature, he had no aptitude for exchanging the small attentions which the Italians call *moine*, and which go a long way in winning their affections. Consequently he was popular only so far as that he was his father's son and a Savoy prince, and that he had proved himself a true

soldier in the campaign of 1866. But this was enough to call forth great rejoicings on the occasion of his marriage, and to sustain the hope that when the time came to act, he would prove himself a worthy successor of the great founder of Italian independence. That hope has been justified. Umberto has shown himself a man of excellent sense, tact, and good feeling ; and he has gradually and quietly grown into the heart of the nation, where he now reigns supreme.

Victor Emmanuel was very fond of his heir. 'I know Umberto,' he said once ; ' he is an excellent youth ; he has good sense and a good heart ; he will do well.' One of his ministers relates the following anecdote. Returning from Milan, where he had had an interview with the prince, he repeated the conversation to the king in all its particulars, even to some expressions of affection which the young man had used in speaking of his father. The king listened with pleased attention. Just then a letter was handed to him which proved to be from his son. When he had read it he turned to the minister with visible emotion, and said—' You are right. I wish you to read this letter ; you will see how Umberto writes to me. In my family no one knows how to feign, much less when they are but twenty years old. You are right in what you tell me.'

Subsequent events have proved how unfeigned, how profound, was Umberto's affection for his father, and it is satisfactory to know that they understood one another.

The marriage was celebrated at Turin with great pomp, in presence of all the royal family. There came

from Paris the Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, as well as Queen Pia of Portugal, and Prince Frederic of Prussia ; between the latter of whom and the Savoy family a great intimacy sprang up.

The civil marriage was gone through on April 28, and the religious ceremony the following day in the cathedral, the Bishop of Savona officiating. On this occasion the king instituted a new order of knighthood, called *La Corona d' Italia*. The bride and bridegroom made a tour of all the principal cities in Italy, Rome of course excepted. But the Roman ladies, notwithstanding their mourning for the sad events of the preceding autumn, presented an address and a magnificent garland to the princess.

The Roman question kept up a constant atmosphere of political agitation, but the king and the government tried to calm the excited state of men's minds by turning the attention of Parliament to more prosaic subjects, such as public instruction, assimilating the laws of the different states of the kingdom, and other like questions.

The king was not opposed to capital punishments in theory, but he was always disposed to seize upon any extenuating circumstance to commute a capital sentence. In this year there was in the ministry a Signor Filippo, keeper of the seals, whom Victor Emmanuel liked very much, and christened 'the mild minister.' He had, however, repeatedly opposed the royal desire to extend a pardon to different criminals. 'How is it,' asked the king one day, 'that you who are so gentle to the appeals of others always exercise towards me the greatest

severity?' 'Your majesty must be aware that they turn to the king as a last extreme, that is, when they have failed in every attempt with the ministers.' 'Yes, I understand,' replied the king. 'I fear I am in the position of a physician of the first order, who is generally called in when the case is desperate, the patient at the end of life, and it is next to impossible to save him. I do not complain of you ; on the contrary, I commend you for doing your duty. I wish justice to be done, and grace extended only to those who merit it.'

The king's character, however, was so well known that he was beset by such petitions continually, and it often cost him an effort to reject them.

He made no effort, however, to resist the appeals for pecuniary help from those in distress. To such his heart and purse were ever open ; and his charities were done in such an unostentatious, unsystematic way that the world can never form any just estimate of all he did. Of the many anecdotes we have heard illustrative of his kindness and liberality during his six years' residence in Florence, we take two or three.

One day the king came home from a walk very much disturbed, and sent for the President of the Council. 'I have met a poor mutilated soldier who was wounded at San Martino,' he said ; 'he is not able to work, and he is starving, because they have never given him a pension. Speak to the Minister of War immediately about it. I wish the fellow to be remedied without for the War Office

to set matters right. He sent the crippled soldier a considerable sum from his private purse.

One day, as the king was driving out of the palace court, a poor old woman trying to offer him a petition, fell, and the carriage was near passing over her. In answer to his inquiries if she were injured, his attendants assured him that she was not. 'But the carriage almost ran over her, said the king; 'she must have been dreadfully frightened, and she ought to have some compensation.' Next day a royal messenger arrived at the poor habitation of the old woman with the sum of one hundred francs. 'Oh, what a lucky fall!' she exclaimed when the notes were handed out to her; 'what a blessed fall!'

A short time ago a lady who resides in Florence related to us the following little incident. A woman who was employed in the *pension* where she was staying had a son called out for military service, which she thought a great hardship. One day she came home in good spirits, and entering the apartment of the lady showed her some pieces of gold. The lady asked her where she had got it. 'From the king's own hand. I have come from the Palazzo Pitti,' was the reply.

'Impossible! You never would have been admitted to his presence.'

'No; but I waited at the gate till he was coming out, and I told him they had taken my son for a soldier, and asked him to release him. "My good woman," says he, "I can do nothing for you; they have taken my *two* sons to be soldiers, and I cannot release them."

Then he put the gold in my hand, saying, "Mind ; do not come back any more."

The royal carriage was just driving up to the door of the theatre one evening, when two shabbily dressed women, who had been lying in wait, hastily approached. One of them drew something from under her cloak, and a large heavy object came into the carriage, striking the king in the face and knocking off his hat. It proved to be a hard square cushion, embroidered with beads and gold braid. Victor was very angry. He entered the theatre carrying the offending cushion in his hand. The first person he met was Signor Fausto—who tells the story—just at the door of the royal box. He was crimson in the face, partly from a sense of outraged majesty and partly, perhaps, from the hard and crushing properties of the gorgeous cushion.

'Go,' said he, 'and see who is that madwoman who has permitted herself the liberty of throwing this in my face.' The gentleman hastened to obey, and found the unfortunate delinquent trembling outside the door, expecting some terrible sentence. She was a poor *actrice*, employed in the humblest position in the theatre. She had no treasonable nor offensive intention towards his majesty ; the sofa-pillow was meant as a present. Meantime the story had spread, and the head of the police had come to examine the mysterious cushion, to see if it contained an Orsini bomb, or anything dangerous and explosive. When Fausto returned to the royal box he explained that the cushion was simply meant as a gift. 'Well, then,' said Victor, holding it disdainfully by the

tassel, 'take it to her and say I have no need or use for such an article.'

As he was handing it to a servant, a note fastened to one of the tassels caught his eye ; he opened and looked at it, and then read it to the gentlemen present. The petitioner prayed his majesty to deign to accept this humble offering from 'the poor mother of a family overcome by financial difficulties.' 'Ah, the usual moral,' said the king, nodding his head with a smile. His good humour was restored.

Next evening, his majesty being again at the theatre, he called Signor Fausto to his box.

'What has become of the famous lady of the cushion?' he asked.

'The poor creature has been dismissed by the manager,' was the reply.

'Ah, I am sorry for that. Go to him in my name, and ask him to pardon her,' said the king. Then turning to one of his gentlemen he said—'Take her 250 francs, and tell her never to throw anything in my face again—at least not without warning me first.'

In this year took place the Spanish revolution, and Queen Isabella, the implacable enemy of civil and religious liberty, was chased from the throne and country. She was the last of European sovereigns to recognise the kingdom of Italy, and when pressed to do so had sent as her representative one who had been a courtier of the King of Naples and a professed enemy of Italian unity. The downfall of another Bourbon could not be

otherwise than pleasing to Victor Emmanuel, who very soon opened friendly relations with the provisional government established by the leaders of the revolution. Marshal Prim's admiration of Victor Emmanuel suggested the idea of offering the throne of Spain to a prince of the House of Savoy. The subject was ventilated in Spain and Italy some time before the proposition was actually made. The king was not averse to it. To restore order to Spain was a dangerous and difficult enterprise, but if one of his family succeeded in the task, it would open up immense advantages to Italy and the Liberal cause; and for the prince who accomplished the regeneration of that unfortunate country it would win immortal honour.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BIRTH OF AMADEO'S SON.—DANGEROUS ILLNESS OF
THE KING.—BIRTH OF UMBERTO'S SON. A.D. 1869.

MEANTIME the young prince against whose peace the statesmen of Spain and Italy were plotting, still happy in his liberty, was just rejoicing over the birth of a little son, which took place on January 15. It was Victor Emmanuel's first Italian-born grandson, and he was delighted beyond measure. He hastened to Genoa, where the Duke and Duchess of Aosta were staying when the happy event came off, baptized him by the name of his most illustrious ancestor, Emanuele Filiberto, and bestowed upon him the title of Duke of Puglia. Congratulatory addresses poured in on the king and the prince from all parts of the country, and the Genoese made great demonstrations of loyalty on the occasion. The king's thanks were conveyed in a letter the stilted style of which plainly shows that it was not written by himself.

Victor Emmanuel to the Syndic of Genoa.

Illustrissimo Signor Sindaco della città di Genova,—The new testimony of attachment which we have received

from our good city of Genoa, on the occasion of the birth of our grandson, the Duke of Puglia—of which your lordship was the interpreter to our beloved son, the Duke of Aosta—has been very pleasing to us. It is not new to us, however, the affection of our Genoese for our person and for our house, the most solemn testimony of which we considered to be your valid co-operation, which never failed us, in the grand undertaking of the reconstruction of the nation, to which we dedicated our life. You were examples of patriotism in the hard struggles and sacrifices of the days of battle, and now you are examples to the Italians in the laboriousness of your industries and your commerce. If Italy will follow this impulse and this example, which speaks encouragingly in the multiplicity of your dockyards and your workshops, she may pursue her path in safety to reach those destinies to which the records of your fathers point. As they carried gloriously and puissantly the banner of St. George, so you and your sons shall bear, we are certain, gloriously and puissantly the banner of Italy.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

On his return from Genoa the king made a tour in the south of Italy. In the spring he received visits from several members of the royal family of Russia, and some distinguished Austrians, among whom was General Moring, who had arranged the treaty of peace. Victor Emmanuel won golden opinions among his old enemies when they came to know him personally.

'Your sovereign is a true king,' said one of the Austrian visitors on this occasion to General Menabrea.

The Empress of the French, on her way to the East, touched at Venice, and the King of Italy with four of his ministers hastened to the City of the Lagunes to give her a hospitable reception. Later there came from the opening of the Suez Canal the Austrian minister, Count de Beust, to visit the king, at the request of the emperor. Victor made him a knight of the SS. Annunziata.

The moment the Austrians were well 'over the border,' within the natural confines of their own state, and the treaty signed that was to keep them there, Victor Emmanuel's heart began to expand towards the Hapsburg family, with which he had been closely allied by marriage, though national and dynastic hatreds had held them divided so many years. Now that his vow was fulfilled, it was easy for him to bury every bitter remembrance of the past and offer a cordial friendship to his old hereditary foe, who could not doubt the sincerity of that friendship, seeing that he had been so sincere an enemy. The emperor responded warmly to his advances, and the kindly feeling grew rapidly, so that there was a project of a matrimonial alliance between the two houses, which, however, was blasted by death.

No one would have suspected that there was any lurking tenderness in Victor Emmanuel's heart towards the House of Austria from the year 1848 to 1866, during which period he seemed to be in a chronic state

of fiery indignation against it. Yet according to his own confession after peace was made, he had suffered much from this state of things, and it was an immense joy to him to be reconciled to those enemies whom he had never been able to forget were still his relations.

In the November of this year the king was in his Villa San Rossore, near Pisa, when he was seized by a malignant fever—the same which had twice before threatened his life. It was confidently believed that his constitution must succumb to this third attack; and he was reduced to such a low state that he gave himself up, and made all arrangements in expectation of a speedy dissolution.

It was on this occasion that Victor Emmanuel, doubtless under clerical pressure, went through the religious ceremony of marriage with Rosina, Countess Mirafiore, by whom he had two children, then grown up. The popular version of the transaction which is generally recounted to foreigners is as follows.

The king feeling death approaching called a priest, who having heard the confession of the royal penitent, refused him absolution till he would promise to restore the property robbed from the Church. Whereupon the king replied that he had not sent for his reverence to discuss political questions, which were the work of the Parliament and nation, but to administer ghostly advice to a dying man. Then the baffled priest attacked the monarch in his vulnerable point. You have here with you a woman who is not your wife.

'*Peccavi*,' said the king; 'in that you have a right to dictate to me; what ought I to do?'

'Marry her,' said the priest.

'Bring her here,' was the penitent's prompt reply. And the matrimony was accordingly solemnised at the bedside of the dying king by the priest, whose malicious object it was to create dissensions in the royal family.

Like most popular stories, this dramatic version of the transaction is not strictly correct; nor is it to be supposed probable that the public could be exactly informed as to the words that passed between a priest and penitent on a matter so entirely personal as the one in question. We will now quote the account of the scene given by Massari, whom we consider the most trustworthy writer on all matters relating to Victor Emmanuel's private life. He was intimate with the king, his ministers, and the officers of his court, and would naturally have informed himself of all that had passed—or, at least, all that concerned the public to know:—

Conscious of his great danger, he with perfect calmness manifested his last wishes, and made all the arrangements which he considered suitable. He celebrated in religious form his marriage with the Countess Mirafiore; and wishing to receive the comforts of religion, desired expressly that a priest should be called. He, having received the confession of the dying king, said:—
'I cannot give your majesty absolution if you do not first make a solemn retractation'

during your reign against the rights of Holy Church.'

And he presented a paper with the formula made out, ready for the king's signature. In that supreme and terrible moment, Victor Emmanuel's fortitude and sense of dignity did not fail him. He replied serenely and resolutely :—' I am a Christian and Catholic, and I die such. If I have done wrong to anyone I repent of it sincerely, and I ask pardon of God. But the signature you ask of me is a political act, and in my quality of constitutional sovereign I cannot execute such an act without the consent of my responsible advisers. Go then into the next room ; there you will find the president of the council of ministers ; talk to him,—he will answer you.'

The priest went out, and found in the next room General Menabrea, to whom he related what had passed,—excusing himself for his conduct by saying that he was acting in accordance with orders received from Cardinal Corsi, of Pisa. The general did not hesitate a moment about his reply. The absolution must be given immediately ; any further insistence to obtain a retraction would be an act of violence to the conscience of the dying ; and he reminded the priest that violence of that sort—especially when exercised towards the sovereign—was punishable by law. The priest had already committed a crime, which if he did not repair, he, the minister, would immediately give orders to the *carabinieri* to arrest him, to the end that justice should be done for the patent offence to the majesty of the sovereign and the

laws of the state. The priest submitted to the just and severe rebuke, re-entered the king's room and gave him absolution. Victor Emmanuel had preserved throughout the utmost calmness and *sang froid* ; but now he experienced such a lively emotion that it brought on a salutary crisis.

The king himself, however, told General Menabrea that he owed his recovery to a glass of port wine which his valet gave him when all hope was over,—and that immediately on swallowing it he felt life coming back to him. It is not improbable that the sudden revulsion of feeling aided the salutary effect of the wine.

This Cardinal Corsi, by whose command the priest had refused the king absolution, was a most violent and uncompromising *papalino*. When the king went to hear service in the cathedral of Pisa one day, with all his court and a following of citizens which numbered some thousands, he found the great entrance closed against him. Some one proposed forcing the door, and the indignant people only wanted the slightest assent to give expression to their feelings by some overt act against the priestly authority. But the king, seeing a side door open, said smiling, 'Let us pass in here, my friends ; it is the narrow way that leads to paradise.'

Very soon after the same thing happened at Bologna. The king, on visiting the Duomo, was received by one or two inferior clergy at a side entrance. Great indignation was expressed by the citizens, so much so that the bishop was somewhat alarmed. . . .

logise

to the king, excusing his absence on the plea of illness. The king replied :—' You were quite right not to inconvenience yourself, my lord. I do not go to church to visit priests, but to worship God.'

The year 1869 had opened with the birth of a prince, and towards the close of it another little Sabaud made his *début*. This last, being heir to the throne of Italy, would have made a great noise on his entrance into the world, if his grandfather had not been at that moment hanging between life and death.

On November 11 the Princess Margherita gave birth to a son who was christened Vittorio Emanuele, with the title of Prince of Naples, where he was born. This event prevented Prince Umberto from being with his father at the time of his illness, and the crisis was passed before he learned how great the danger had been.

At the end of this year negotiations were opened for a triple alliance between France, Austria, and Italy, but without any result, because the French emperor would not consent to the withdrawal of the troops from Rome, and Victor made that condition a *sine quâ non* for the Italian alliance. This prolonged occupation, in defiance of the wishes of the Romans and the nation at large, as well as those of the king, kept up the bitter memories of the *chassepots* of Mentana, and well-nigh obliterated all feeling of gratitude for the aid Napoleon had given in the liberation of Lombardy.

A new Parliament was convoked in November, and the king, for the first time in his reign, refused to open his person, making his recent illness the excuse ; but

the real reason was a deep chagrin at not being able to announce anything definite about the Roman question. Another ministerial crisis followed the opening of the Chambers, and Signor Lanza was called to the head of affairs.

CHAPTER XXX.

FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR. A.D. 1870.

'A Roma ci siamo e ci resteremo.'

TOWARDS the end of the year 1867 Pius IX. called the famous Ecumenical Council which was to promulgate the doctrine of his infallibility ; and in the beginning of the new year the fathers of the Church came from all parts of the Christian world to the Eternal City. The government resolved to abstain from any interference in ecclesiastical matters and to afford every facility to the bishops to pass through Italian territory on their way to Rome, so long as no offence was given to the civil power. On this occasion Victor Emmanuel appealed to the Liberal bishops who stopped to visit him in Florence, to use their influence for the sake of the country's peace and in the interests of religion, to end the strife between Church and State. They did make an effort to bring about an amicable arrangement, but to no purpose, being in a minority ; while the Pope's party, and the Pope himself, were resolute in holding out to the last.

On March 24, 1870, there occurred an incident at

Pavia which, so far as we know, has not been related by any Italian writer, and yet, though none of Victor Emmanuel's biographers have thought it of sufficient importance to mention, which, 'read by the light of subsequent events,' has a certain significance. Since the attempted assassination of the reigning sovereign, and the consequent agitation for the suppression of disloyal societies, the public has heard a good deal about the *Circoli Barsanti*. What was the origin of the associations, and who was Barsanti? the inquiring foreigner asks; and in reply he hears all sorts of romantic stories—none of them true and most of them absolutely false. It is curious that a public event which happened only eight years ago should be so shrouded in mystery that hardly any Italian can tell the facts of the case. Even Signor Lanza, who was then Minister of the Interior, in lately contradicting a false version in the *Italie*, himself gave an inaccurate account of the affair. The journals have had every variety of story but the true one. Some said Barsanti was a sergeant, who in a republican riot turned treacherously upon his commanding officer and killed him; others that he was a corporal, and had only drawn upon or slightly wounded his superior, under extenuating circumstances. Others again excited the sympathies of the sentimental by describing Barsanti as a most attractive young hero, who, having somehow mistaken his duty, was cruelly sacrificed by the government of the day, who would not permit the petitioners for royal clemency to approach the king. That Barsanti was twenty years of age, golden-haired, and had a mother,

seemed convincing arguments in his favour ; and last December one deputy in his place in the Chamber pronounced the execution of this renegade soldier 'an infamy.' It is true he was called to order by the president for the expression ; but the fact of a member of Parliament being so ignorant of the merits of the case as such an opinion implies, seems strange to us. It can only be accounted for in this way. The Italians not being yet habituated to the use of a free press, have not brought theirs quite up to the mark ; journalists have not a sufficient sense of their responsibilities, and private individuals shrink from telling what they know, because they object to be quoted as authorities. It is the cautious, secretive habit engendered by oppressive governments, now happily passed away.

A writer in the *Nazione* of Florence, a respectable and trustworthy daily paper, at last undertook to clear up the disputed question ; and on December 16 there appeared an article in that journal, entitled 'Who was Pietro Barsanti?' in which the accusation and sentence were reproduced in their entirety, and the testimony cited of the officers and men of Barsanti's regiment. All goes to prove the baselessness of the theory that he was an ill-used hero.

According to the *Nazione* the story of the riot in which he took part is briefly this :—

There was much discontent because of the corn-grinding tax, and the republicans thought it a good opportunity to stir up a rebellion ; so they organised an attempt on the two barracks of Pavia, on the night of

March 24. Inside of both these barracks there were several accomplices of the conspirators, and one of these perjured soldiers was Corporal Barsanti, a young man who in no way corresponded to the ideal picture drawn by his adherents. He was not blonde, but dark-complexioned, coarse and ordinary in appearance, and so dull of intellect that he was incapable of passing the examination to become a sergeant. On the night of the attack he kept two sergeants locked in a room to prevent them lending assistance in repulsing the attempt, menacing with a revolver a soldier who wished to release them, and endeavouring in every way to seduce his companions from their duty. He did not, however, kill or wound anyone. The young officer Vegezzi was in command of a detachment in the other barrack when he was wounded by a shot from a traitor soldier.

They were all tried by court-martial, and Barsanti was shot like the rest; a petition, got up chiefly by ladies, on the ground of his youth, being firmly repulsed by the ministry. The republicans immediately elected him as a 'martyr of the idea,' and endowed him with all the requisite qualities for a hero—the golden hair included. We confess it is not quite clear to us why a blonde traitor should be dealt with more leniently than a brown one. But as the *bella testa bionda* has been insisted on by Barsanti's admirers, so the iconoclastic writer above quoted sweeps away this myth with the other fictitious attractions of the republican martyr.

This was the origin of the *Circoli Barsanti* to which belonged the assassin Passanante.

The Emperor Napoleon had sacrificed the Italian alliance by persisting in holding his army in the Roman State. He declared war against Prussia without consulting or acquainting Victor Emmanuel with his intentions; the news reached the king when he was chamois-hunting in the Alps, and hot upon it came the tidings of French disasters. It then becoming a matter of necessity to France to call all her available forces into the field, the army was withdrawn from Rome and the Pope left to his own devices. At the same time an appeal was made to the Italian Government for help.

It was Victor Emmanuel's generous impulse to aid France, in spite of the coldness that had arisen on the Roman question. France had once befriended Italy, and now she was in distress; that was enough to establish a claim upon his sympathy. But he found his government utterly averse to any interference in the quarrel. Italy had suffered enough from war; her financial affairs were not in a satisfactory condition, nor was she in any way bound to aid France, seeing that France had not thought it necessary to take counsel with her on the subject. The king argued the matter vigorously in the council, listened to the objections and combated them with perseverance but good temper, trying hard to win over his advisers to his opinion. But they stood firm, and of course he had to yield. He is reported to have said to the French ambassador—'I am ready to go to the aid of the

emperor, but I do not expect to return here as King of Italy.'

His ministers, however, convinced him that such quixotic friendship, though permissible in private life, did not become a sovereign who had the destinies of a nation depending on him, and he remembered that his first duty was to his country ; being pledged to Italy, he had no right to throw himself away. The surrender of Sedan was a great shock to him.

When the news of the revolution in Paris arrived, Victor Emmanuel naturally thought of his daughter, and sent in haste an escort to conduct her home. But the Princess Clotilde refused to leave her adopted country in its hour of trial. She wrote a letter to her father to thank him for his anxiety about her, and saying that it was impossible for her to abandon Paris at such a moment. She owed it to her husband, her children, her adopted country, her native country, to remain at her post, no matter what might happen. Her brothers or her sister would do the same in the same position, and she knew her father would approve of her resolution. Victor Emmanuel read this letter to his councillors with a proud and flashing eye. He let Clotilde have her way, thinking she was the best judge of what was right under the circumstances.

The Romans had been very much excited from the time the war broke out ; and when it became known that the emperor had surrendered himself and his army, and that there was a likelihood of a speedy settlement of the quarrel, they believed they would be abandoned

once more to their fate, and got into a state of convulsive agitation. They sent one more thrilling appeal to Victor Emmanuel to come and take them before the favourable moment should have passed. Had he been deaf to this last petition it is probable that the despair of the Romans would have led to consequences still more serious than Mentana. But he was at last permitted to listen to the *grido di dolore* that came from the Eternal City. The decisive moment had arrived. As soon as the resolution was taken, an envoy was despatched to Paris to acquaint the provisional government with the intentions of the king. They replied in effect, 'You may do it because we have no longer the power to hinder you.' The truth is that republican France, strange and inconsistent as it seems, was more opposed to Italian unity than the emperor.

Just at the moment when preparations were being made to go to Rome, the Minister of War, General Govone, retired from office, being attacked by a fatal illness which soon after carried him off. He left behind him a grateful memory of the most devoted and single-minded patriotism, united with the charming qualities which are comprised in the Italian word *simpatico*.

While General Cadorna was preparing to conduct the Italian troops over the papal frontier, Victor Emmanuel, whose heart still yearned for a reconciliation with Pio Nono, addressed a private and confidential letter to him, in which he explained his sentiments, and entreated the Holy Father, for the sake of that Italy which he once

loved, to make peace before it was too late. Nothing could be further from his desire than to embitter his old age ; he was ready to abdicate if that would spare him pain, but his successor would be constrained to act as he was doing ; the national aspirations must be satisfied.

It is said that the Pope was moved by this letter ; but if so the impression was transitory—as was that which the words of the Conte di San Martino had produced on him at Gaeta. The same Conte di San Martino was now the bearer of an official letter from the King of Italy to the Holy Father.

Victor Emmanuel to Pius IX.

Most Blessed Father,—With the affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, with the soul of an Italian, I address myself now, as on former occasions, to the heart of your holiness.

A flood of dangers threatens Europe. Profiting by the war which desolates the centre of the Continent, the cosmopolitan revolutionary party increases in boldness and audacity, and is planning, especially in that part of Italy ruled by your holiness, the direst offences against the monarchy and the papacy.

I know that the greatness of your soul will not be less than the greatness of events ; but I, being a Catholic king and Italian, and, as such, guardian by the disposition of Providence and the national will of the destinies of all the Italians, I feel it my duty to take,

in the face of Europe and Catholicity, the responsibility of maintaining order in the peninsula and the safety of the Holy See.

At the present moment, Holy Father, the state of mind of the Roman populations, and the presence among them of foreign troops come from different countries with divers intentions, foment the agitation and the danger. A boiling over of the passions may lead to the effusion of blood, and this blood is mine.

Your duty is to avoid and prevent this ; and I see the immediate necessity for the safety of Italy and the Holy See that my troops, now placed near the frontier, shall occupy certain positions for the security of your holiness and the maintenance of order. Your holiness will not see in this precaution an act of hostility. My government and my forces will restrain themselves absolutely within the conservative limits of maintaining and guarding the rights of the Roman people, easily reconciled with the inviolability of the Supreme Pontiff, his spiritual authority, and the independence of the Holy See.

If your holiness, which I do not doubt—as your sacred character and the benignity of your soul gives me the right to hope—feels the same desire as I do to avoid a conflict and fly the dangers of violence, you can with the Count San Martino, who bears this letter, take counsel concerning the matter now under the consideration of government.

Permit me, your holiness, again to say that the present moment is a solemn one for Italy and the

Church. Let the popehood add efficacy to the spirit of inextinguishable benevolence in your soul towards this land, which is also *your* country, and the sentiments of conciliation which I have always studied to translate into acts, that, satisfying the national aspirations, the Head of Catholicity, surrounded by the devotion of the Italian people, should preserve on the banks of the Tiber a glorious seat, independent of every human sovereignty.

Your holiness, by liberating Rome from foreign troops, will take from her the constant danger of being the battle-ground of subversive parties. You will accomplish a marvellous work, restore peace to the Church, and show Europe, aghast at the horrors of war, how one can win great battles and obtain immortal victories by an act of justice—by one sole word of affection.

I pray your holiness to impart to me your Apostolic benediction, and to accept my sentiments of profound respect.

Your holiness's most humble, most obedient, and devoted

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Florence, Sept. 8, 1870.

Pio Nono received San Martino courteously, and discussed the situation calmly with him. He listened to his assurances that his supreme spiritual authority, his income, his palaces and villas, should be all guaranteed to him by stringent laws. There was nothing his majesty's government would not do to please his holi-

ness—short of abstaining from entering Rome, which could no longer be delayed without risking the existence of the nation.

‘Signor conte,’ said the Pope, ‘I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet ; but I dare to foretell that the Italian troops shall not enter Rome.’

The count lowered his eyes that the Pope should not see him smile at this extraordinary faith, and replied that neither was he a prophet, nor did he pretend to have any relationship with prophets, but he boldly ventured to assert that the Italian army should enter Rome before long. He then consigned the king’s letter to him. When he had read it, he turned wrathfully on the envoy. ‘What is the use of this hypocrisy?’ he exclaimed. ‘Cannot he say at once that he wishes to despoil me of my kingdom?’

San Martino replied that if he had had the composition of that letter he would have used less circumlocution, and said plainly and shortly that Italy, recognising the state of Rome as indispensable to her national being, claimed it as a right.

This frankness made Pio Nono smile, for his humour was variable as a woman’s. He said, ‘You talk of the aspirations of the Romans : you see with your own eyes that the city is quite tranquil.’

‘Your holiness,’ replied the outspoken count, ‘I may claim some credit for this tranquillity. The citizens wished to make me a demonstration on my arrival, but I prevented it.’

Pius IX. to Victor mmEmanuel.

Your Majesty,—The Count Ponza di San Martino has consigned to me a letter which your majesty has been pleased to address to me ; but it is not worthy of an affectionate son who boasts himself a professor of the Catholic faith, and who glories in a kingly loyalty. I will not enter into the particulars of that letter, not to renew the pain the first reading occasioned me. But I bless God, who has suffered your majesty to fill with bitterness the last period of life.

For the rest, I cannot admit the demands of your letter, nor accept the principles contained therein. I address myself to God, and place my cause in His hands, for it is entirely His. I pray Him to concede abundant grace to your majesty, deliver you from every peril, and render you a participator in all the mercies of which you may have need.

PIUS PP. IX.

From the Vatican, Sept. 11, 1870.

The day this letter was written General Cadorna had orders to march. He was received with ovations in all the small towns of the Roman State, and took up his quarters outside the capital in the Villa Spada. Here the Prussian ambassador, Count Arnim, visited him to beg that he would suspend hostilities till the diplomatic body should try mediation with the Pope. Next day he informed the general by letter that the attempt had been fruitless. The Pope was resolved to make a feint of defending the city, to show the world that it had

been taken by violence. Early in the morning the attack was begun at the Leonine Gate, and at ten o'clock the Pia Gate gave way before the artillery. A breach was opened in the wall, and the infantry threw themselves into it, while the defenders poured grapeshot from the bastions. It was not much of a fight, but some killed and wounded there were, and, seeing how utterly futile the resistance was, the foreign ambassadors thought it a pity that one life should be lost, and entreated the Pope to send out a flag of truce. He did not yield at first; not till he heard the invaders were inside the walls. When the white flag was hoisted on St. Peter's the diplomatic body drove in haste to ask General Cadorna to put a stop to the conflict. All the male inhabitants of the city were in the streets; they now rushed to the Capitol, where the royal troops were disarming the last papal Zouaves. The great bell rang out while the tricolour was hoisted on the palace, and the multitude broke into rapturous applause. They could hardly yet believe that the temporal power was fallen. No more foreign legions, no more spies, no more Holy Offices! Castel Sant' Angelo and San Michele opened to let out the political prisoners! All this effected in five hours, after so many years of heartburning and bitterness, and fruitless conspiracies! It seemed a dream, so easily was Rome lost and won at the last. But September 20, 1870, marks a great epoch in the history of the world.

The Pope bore this last blow, as all the preceding ones, with wonderful fortitude. He was a brave old

man, and, strong in the faith that his cause was just, he never yielded an inch. ‘I cede only to force,’ he had said in 1848; and now, at eighty years of age, he presented the same resolute front to all persuasions and remonstrances.

The vote of the Romans was taken as follows :—

For the King	.	.	.	40,785
For the Pope	.	.	.	46

This vote was enough to satisfy Victor Emmanuel's highest expectations. The dream of his life was accomplished, and in a manner most flattering to a monarch's pride. Yet this rose was not without its thorn either. To be all sweetness he should have had Pio Nono's blessing, and be crowned, like Charlemagne, by the hands of the venerable Pontiff in that city of glorious memories where he was henceforth to reign. But he grasped the rose, thorn and all, with the memorable exclamation, ‘A Roma ci siamo e ci resteremo!’

CHAPTER XXXI.

M. THIERS' APPEAL TO THE KING.—AMADEO ACCEPTS
THE CROWN OF SPAIN.—LAST PARLIAMENT IN
FLORENCE. A.D. 1870.

THE provisional government of Paris had sent an ambassador to Florence, M. Sénard, to whom the king had shown such deep feeling for the misfortunes of France that M. Thiers was encouraged to make a journey to Italy to appeal to the king for help for his unhappy country. He had never been friendly to the House of Savoy, and had always opposed Italian unity; so he felt the mission a trying and painful one. It is needless to say that Victor Emmanuel was not influenced by what the Frenchman had said about him when he met his appeal by a negative. He received him kindly, and explained that the reasons of state which prevented him aiding the emperor must prevent him aiding the Republic. 'You have been a constitutional minister,' said the king, 'and you know what are the duties of a constitutional monarch.' And he defined those duties with such precision and discernment that Thiers was much struck by his cleverness. He related to a friend what passed in the interview.

The king [he said] avoided disagreeable allusions, but he let me know delicately, that he had not forgotten what I had said of him in the tribune. He discussed politics with the most elevated views, and as a man who understands the profession. I thought I should have to do with a soldier, but I found an accomplished statesman.

Spain, still in an unsettled state, with a provisional government, once more thought of applying to Italy for a king. Victor Emmanuel considered the task of rescuing Spain from anarchy, and putting her on the road of civilisation and progress, would be one worthy of a prince of Savoy. He had thought of his nephew, the Duke of Genoa, but his extreme youth was an objection, and he finally decided on sending Amadeo. Some Italian statesmen opposed the idea, urging that the prince would be uselessly sacrificed, that Spain was so hopelessly divided and torn by factions, there were so many pretenders to the throne, that the dangers and difficulties would be insurmountable. But the king replied that he knew one of his family would only yield to impossibilities, and he would like to make the trial.

Amadeo shrank from the undertaking with a repugnance which seemed prophetic of disaster, and it took all Victor Emmanuel's influence to persuade his son to accept the proffered crown.

As soon as it was known in Spain that he had consented, a deputation from the Cortes, headed by the

president, Señor Gorrilla, came to Florence to make a formal offer of the throne of Spain, in the name of the nation. The deputation was received in state, in the presence of all the court, the ministers, and foreign ambassadors. In a very complimentary address the king's consent was asked to his son's acceptance of the office.

Victor Emmanuel's Reply to the Cortes.

By this your request, gentlemen, you do honour to my dynasty and to Italy, and you ask a sacrifice of my heart. I accord to my beloved son my consent to accept the glorious throne to which the wish of the Spanish nation calls him. I trust that, with the aid of Divine Providence and the confidence of your noble nation, he shall be able to accomplish his mission for the prosperity and the greatness of Spain.

The president then turned to the prince, who in a voice tremulous with emotion signified his acceptance of the honour. He had not yet learned the truth of the poet's words—

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,
but his good sense must have told him that a king with a conscience has a hard road to travel, particularly in a country degraded by ages of misrule and distracted by recent revolutions. He was not dazzled by the prospect; but in obedience to his father's wishes he resolved to make the trial of restoring order to Spain and establishing a settled government.

Though Victor Emmanuel's ambition was gratified by this arrangement, he felt that he was in a manner sacrificing his son. In a private interview with Gorrilla he revealed his paternal feelings, and talked in such a way about Amadeo that the Spaniard came out from the audience in tears, and said to the Italian minister, whom he met at the door—'The king has confided his son to me ; I will be a faithful subject.' In the last days of the year 1870 the young King of Spain sailed from Spezzia, amidst the mingled joy and grief, smiles and tears, of his countrymen.

The last Parliament held in Florence was opened December 5.

The King's Speech.

Gentlemen Senators,—Gentlemen Deputies,—The year that now closes has astonished the world by the greatness of the events which have come to pass and which no human judgment could have foretold. Our opinion about Rome we have always loudly proclaimed. And in face of the late resolution to which my love of country has conducted me, I have thought it my duty to convoke the national assembly.

With Rome the capital of Italy I have fulfilled my promise, and crowned the undertaking which twenty-three years ago was initiated by my magnanimous parent. As a king and as a son, I feel in my heart a solemn joy in saluting here assembled the representatives of our beloved country, and in pro-

nouncing these words—Italy is free and one. Now it depends on us to make her great and happy.

Whilst we celebrate this solemn inauguration of Italy complete, two great peoples of this Continent, glorious representatives of modern civilisation, are torn by a terrible struggle. Bound both to France and to Prussia by memories of recent and beneficial alliances, we are obliged to observe a rigorous neutrality, which is also imposed upon us by the duty of not increasing the strife, and that we may be able to interpose an impartial word between the belligerents. This duty, dictated by humanity and friendship, we will not fail to fulfil, adding our efforts to those of the other neutral powers to put an end to a war which ought never to have broken out between two nations whose greatness is equally necessary to the civilised world.

Public opinion, approving by its support this policy, has shown once more that Italy free and united is for Europe an element of order, of liberty, and of peace.

This attitude facilitated our task, when, for the defence of the national territory, and to restore to the Romans the arbitrament of their own destinies, my soldiers, expected as brothers, welcomed as liberators, entered Rome. Rome, reclaimed by the love and by the veneration of the Italians, was thus restored to herself, to Italy, and to the modern world. We entered Rome in the name of the national right, in the name of the compact which binds all Italians

THE KING ENTERS ROME.

to national unity. We shall hold to this, maintaining the promises that we have solemnly made to ourselves.

Liberty of the Church, of the Pontifical See in the exercise of its religious ministry, in its relations with the Catholic world—on these bases, and within the limit of its powers, my government has initiated the necessary provisions; but to conduct the great work to an end there is required all the authority, all the sense of Parliament.

A few days after the opening of Parliament a fearful inundation of the Tiber immersed a considerable part of Rome, reducing hundreds of families to the direst distress. Victor Emmanuel went to the aid of the sufferers, and the first sight the Romans had of their new king was in the character of a private philanthropist, assisting at relief committees, and alleviating the distress of the poor by every means in his power.

With regard to the Pope, it was the least offensive mode of entering the capital that he could have chosen. As soon as he arrived he sent an aide-de-camp with a letter to Pius IX., acquainting him of his presence and repeating his expressions of reverence and affection. Cardinal Antonelli received the messenger, and would not admit him to the Pope's presence.

Meantime the Guarantee Laws were discussed and passed, and arrangements were made for the transfer of the capital to the Eternal City. The king, during a residence of six years, had grown very fond of the

beautiful city of Florence, and he left it with regret, but nothing like what he suffered when tearing himself away from Turin. Florence behaved admirably on the occasion. The great expense the city had been at to worthily maintain the position of capital of United Italy made the loss of the court very much felt, and this added to other causes has reduced her to great poverty these late years. Nevertheless she rejoiced at the taking of Rome, and applauded enthusiastically the melancholy king as he said farewell to the city representatives at the railway station. 'You rejoice to send me away,' he said with a sad smile. It excites the more sympathy for the present suffering of that most interesting city, that her patriotism and loyalty have undergone no change, as recent events have shown. In the beautiful and touching address which her citizens presented to the king on December 8, in that exquisite *lingua Toscana* that it is a pity to translate, they say—'Florence was crowned with joy when the great Father of his Country installed his palace in this fostering mother, Rome. Florence experienced a loss then, but she rejoiced always, because her misfortunes were a glory for Italy.' And they conclude with the declaration that 'as long as there is an arm able to carry a sword, or a drop of blood in the veins of her people, Florence will be always faithful to her plébiscite.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

ITALIAN UNITY FINALLY ACCOMPLISHED. A.D. 1871-76.

VICTOR EMMANUEL delayed his entry into Rome for nearly nine months after his troops had taken possession of it. When he left Florence he went to Naples for a time, and did not seem in any hurry to install himself in the city he had desired so intensely to unite to his kingdom. But he had got to make a public entry ; he could not sneak into his capital like a thief who had no right to come there ; so on June 2 he made his ingress in state, with immense demonstrations of enthusiasm. Soon after he went to the opening of the Mont Cenis Railway, and then had the happiness of being fêted by his own Turin with more than ordinary warmth.

This summer the Pope was celebrating the twenty-fifth year of his reign, the longest recorded in the history of the Papacy, and all the sovereigns sent their congratulations. Victor would not be behind the rest, and sent a general in state to the Vatican. He was received as before by Cardinal Antonelli, who said the Holy Father was exhausted and could not receive any more that day, but he desired him to thank his majesty.

On November 27 the first Parliament which repre-

sented Italy in her entirety was opened in the Palazzo Monte Citorio in Rome, more than a year after the entrance of the national army. The senators and deputies assembled in the midst of a joyous agitation, and Victor Emmanuel took his seat on the throne with a feeling of proud satisfaction. The first words that fell from the royal lips, 'The work to which we have consecrated our life is accomplished,' awoke such a response from the hearers as shook the house. The cheers in Parliament were heard and re-echoed in the piazza and along the streets.

On the same day a deputation of the clerical party prostrated themselves at the feet of the Pope with expressions of adoration which might have become a deity to accept, and in equally unmeasured language reprobated the Spoliator, who was just then congratulating himself and his hearers that the great crime of his life was consummated.

The King's Speech.

Gentlemen Senators,—Gentlemen Deputies,—The work to which we consecrated our lives is accomplished. After long expiatory trials, Italy is restored to herself and to Rome. Here, where our people, scattered for so many centuries, find themselves for the first time reassembled in the majesty of their representatives, here, where we recognise the home of our thoughts, everything speaks to us of grandeur, but at the same time everything reminds us of our duties. The joy of

these days will not make us forget them. We have reconquered our position in the world, defending the rights of the nation. Now that the national unity is accomplished and a new era is opened in the history of Italy, we will not fall away from our principles. We have arisen in the name of liberty, and in liberty and order we ought to seek the secret of strength and conciliation.

We have proclaimed the separation of Church and State, and recognising the full independence of the Spiritual Authority, we ought to believe that Rome, capital of Italy, can contrive to be the peaceful and respected seat of the pontificate. Thus shall we succeed in tranquillising the consciences of our people, as with a firmness of purpose equalled by the moderation of our measures, we have known how to accomplish the unity of the nation while maintaining unaltered our friendly relations with foreign powers. The legislative measures that will be presented to you for regulating the condition of ecclesiastical affairs, forming themselves on that same principle of liberty, will only relate to the legal representation, and the nature of possessions, leaving intact those religious institutions that form a part of the government of the Universal Church. Besides this grave question, economical and financial matters principally require your attention. Now that Italy is constructed, we ought to think of making her prosperous by the settlement of her finances, and this we cannot fail to do unless the virtue and perseverance which have given life to

the nation should become less. Prosperous finances will give us the means of reinforcing the military ranks. My most earnest prayers are for peace, and there is no reason to fear its being disturbed ; but to reinforce the army and navy, and to renew the arms and defensive works of the national territory, requires long and mature study, and the future may call us to a severe account for any imprudent delay. You will examine the provisions for that object which will be presented to you by my government. There will not fail to be other questions of grave moment, such as that relating to the government of the municipalities and of the provinces, the decentralising of the administration in such measure as not to diminish the strength of the state ; those for making a single penal code, for the reformation of juries, and for increasing uniformity and efficacy in the administration of justice. In this way we will provide for public security, without which even the benefits of liberty are dangerous.

Gentlemen Senators,—Gentlemen Deputies,—A vast field of labour lies before you. The national unity accomplished, the struggle of parties will be, I hope, less violent, or they will rival each other only in exciting the development of the productive forces of the nation, and my heart rejoices to perceive already many indications of the increasing industry of our populations.

On the political revival follows closely the revival of economy ; savings-banks, commercial associations,

industry, and art exhibitions, public literary meetings, all multiply. The government and parliament should second this fruitful movement by enlarging and strengthening professional and scientific instruction, and by opening up new roads of communication and new outlets for commerce. The marvellous work of the Monte Cenis tunnel is accomplished, and that of St. Gothard is about to be undertaken : the world's road that traverses Italy to Brindisi, and thus unites Europe with India, will have three openings in the Alps for railroad travelling. Celerity of travelling and facility of intercourse will increase the friendly relations that already bind us to the transalpine peoples, and will revive a noble rivalry in industry and civilisation. The future opens before us rich in happy promise ; it is for us to respond to the favours of Providence, by showing ourselves worthy to represent amongst the great nations of the earth the glorious part of Italy and of Rome.

On New Year's day, 1872, Victor Emmanuel sent an envoy with the compliments of the season to the Pope. He was treated in the same manner as before ; the Holy Father did not receive him, but returned the compliments through his minister.

The chief source of anxiety the king had at this time was the unsatisfactory state in which Spain continued. The young king had set himself energetically to his arduous task in a straightforward and soldierlike manner. Like his father, he disliked court pomp and

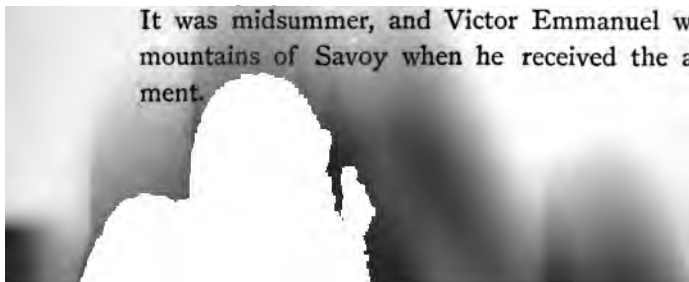
pageantry, and lived almost as plainly as a private gentleman. When he was conducted over the magnificent apartments of the palace, and heard that he, the queen, and the little prince were all expected to have separate households, he said simply, 'I live with my family;' which must have shocked the nerves of the Spanish courtiers not a little.

The young king and queen went their own way—he given up to state affairs, she to charitable works, and improving the condition of the poor of Madrid—examples of devotion to duty and domestic virtues to which their subjects were unaccustomed, and which they did not know how to appreciate.

The war of parties went on raging throughout the country. There were the moderate Liberals who had put Amadeo on the throne; the Reactionists or friends of the fallen dynasty, to which belonged the clergy and many of the old nobility; the Carlists, the Republicans, and still another important section of society which the existence of all these generated—the brigands.

General Prim had already fallen a victim to the vengeance of some of these malcontents, and now an attempt was made upon the life of the sovereign while he was driving through the streets of Madrid with his wife.

It was midsummer, and Victor Emmanuel was in the mountains of Savoy when he received the announcement.



To the King of Italy.

I advise your majesty that this evening we have been the object of an attempt. Thank God, we are quite safe.

AMADEO.

Madrid, July 18.

When the king had recovered from the agitation into which the first shock threw him, he experienced a feeling of intense anger against the perpetrator of the crime. He hastened to the nearest telegraph office to let off the steam in a communication to his son.

After three inquiet and unhappy years of sovereign power, Amadeo resolved to abdicate, February 1873, because he would not betray the constitution to which he had sworn, nor shed blood for the establishment of his dynasty. It was pleasant to see the welcome the fallen king got on his return to Italy. The Turin people received him with rapture. He went to Florence to meet his father, and arranged to arrive in the dead of the night, so as to avoid a demonstration. But the Florentines were too clever for him. They waited all night in bitter winter weather at the station, and escorted him with a torch-light procession and bands of music to the Pitti Palace with the warmest display of affection. From a house opposite the palace we were witness of this hearty and spontaneous demonstration of the generous Florentines, which, under the circumstances, had something touching in it.

Victor Emmanuel was grieved and disappointed, but he did not estimate his son's merit by his success ; Amadeo had failed because, like himself, he would not be other than a *Rè galantuomo*, and he received him with open arms.

The Emperor Napoleon died on January 9 of this year, and Victor Emmanuel was really grieved at the event, for he had never forgotten the campaign of 1859, and the kindly feeling it had engendered survived all subsequent trials.

In May Manzoni died at an advanced age. Milan decreed him a public funeral, and the king sent his sons and cousin to assist at the ceremony.

In June another public loss followed in the death of Ratazzi, who was the king's personal friend ; and he was very much depressed at this time by seeing so many of his contemporaries 'going over to the majority.'

Hosts of distinguished visitors came to Rome these first years of Victor Emmanuel's residence there ; there was hardly a country in Europe which had not sent a royal prince to salute the King of Italy in his new capital. Amongst these were three English princes, a prince of Prussia, and an Austrian archduke. Nothing could be kinder than the feeling that now existed between the Houses of Hapsburg and Savoy, and the King of Italy accepted a very pressing invitation to visit Vienna on the occasion of the Exhibition. Accompanied by his ministers, Minghetti and Visconti Venosta, and a large number of other persons, he arrived in Vienna on September 17, 1874.

Victor Emmanuel had so completely sunk all personal considerations in the patriot king, that no one suspected, during the years of division with Austria, that this hostility cost him any sacrifice of feeling—at least after the death of his wife. But the intense pleasure he showed at the recovered friendship revealed the fact that the relationship of his adversaries had added to the bitterness of the struggle.

As the train approached the station a flood of painful memories rushed across his mind ; it seemed almost a dream that he was the honoured guest of Francis Joseph, against whom he had been waging war ever since he came to the throne. In a few minutes he would be face to face with this strange brother whom he had never met ; and an extraordinary agitation seized him, which sent the blood from his face to his heart. The Emperor and the King embraced with an emotion which attested the sincerity of their feelings. When Francis Joseph presented his brothers, even in that moment of confusion a gentlemanly instinct made Victor Emmanuel single out for special notice the Archduke Albert, who had distinguished himself on the two fields of Novara and Custoza—pregnant with painful memories to every Italian, but especially to the king. He walked up to him, and taking both his hands, shook them repeatedly. The emotion which Victor Emmanuel experienced in this reconciliation was brought to a climax when, in the salon of the Archduke Ranieri, he saw the portrait of his late queen, taken when she was a girl. Thinking how happy she would have been in this

reunion with her long-divided relations, he could not restrain his tears.

Victor Emmanuel was painfully anxious to avoid any unpleasant allusion to past differences. He had removed from his travelling hat a representation of the Iron Crown of Lombardy; and when he was told that in proposing the Emperor's health he should also call him *King of Hungary*, he objected, saying that it recalled disagreeable memories, and he would not remind the emperor of them. But he was finally convinced that Francis Joseph was proud of the double title, and he gave the toast as etiquette demanded. In bestowing decorations he did not offer the *Corona d' Italia* to any Austrian unless he had some secret intimation that it was specially desired.

After four days of the most profuse and graceful hospitality on the part of the emperor, Victor Emmanuel set out for Berlin, where his reception by sovereign and people was cordial in the extreme. Nothing could exceed the Emperor Francis Joseph's kindness, but the welcome the Prussians gave *il Rè Galantuomo* was even more thorough and hearty than that of the Austrians. The Emperor William said he had never seen his subjects so excited by the presence of a foreign sovereign. Victor also won the hearts of all the royal princes and princesses by his frank simplicity of manners, his humour and *bonhomie*; and the crown prince and he became greater friends than ever. While he was at Berlin a characteristic incident occurred. At a court dinner Victor Emmanuel was seated at the emperor's right hand,

and many distinguished guests, Italians and Prussians, were present, when he suddenly said, 'You know I would have made war on you only for these gentlemen,' pointing to his ministers, who listened in confused silence to this declaration. He then explained frankly that such had been his personal regard for Napoleon, and his grateful remembrance of past services, that he would certainly have gone to his aid had not his duty as constitutional sovereign compelled him to bow to the will of the government and nation. But now that the quarrel was ended he was proud to be the sincere friend of united Germany and her glorious emperor. The old emperor was charmed with this candour. He took Victor's hand and pressed it, saying, 'I thank your majesty for your frankness.'

On Victor Emmanuel's return to his own country he stopped in Turin to inaugurate a monument to Cavour on November 8, and on the 13th of the same month he opened the Parliament, in a long speech, chiefly on the relations of Church and State, which continued to occupy the attention of the government.

I rejoice to tell you (he said), that our relations with the foreign powers are friendly. These good relations received a solemn confirmation on the occasion of the visit that I have just made to the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of Germany. The demonstrations of cordial sympathy that I have received from those two sovereigns and from their peoples were meant for regenerated Italy, which has known how to take,

her place among civilised nations. Austria and Italy have been old adversaries on the field of battle. The cause of their long contest removed, there remains only confidence in their common interests and in the advantages of sincere friendship. This friendship is all the more grateful to me because it is associated with those family affections which a higher and more imperious duty has been able to dominate, but could not extinguish in my heart.

These words had been put in at the king's express desire. France, as usual, pretending a devotion to the Church, took umbrage at the proceedings of the Italian government, and recalled her representative. Victor Emmanuel, who liked the ambassador, spoke very frankly to him when he came to take his leave. 'It is a great pity,' he said, 'to use religious scruples as a pretext for political objects. Religion is a grand, a sublime thing ; we all feel the need of it, and it is the duty of us all not to compromise it—not to use it as a cloak.' A just rebuke.

The year 1874 was the twenty-fifth of Victor Emmanuel's reign, and it was celebrated as a great national fête. On the morning of March 23, an immense assemblage thronged to the Quirinal, consisting of deputations representing all classes and bodies of the state, who wished to present loyal addresses to the king.

The foreign ambassadors also came in the name of their sovereigns to offer their congratulations. It was a

very warm demonstration, and Victor Emmanuel was much gratified by it.

He exhausted himself in suitable replies to the addresses, but they are too numerous to quote.

About this time the French Government removed the old ship of war *Orénoque*, which had remained at Civita Vecchia as a *protection* to the Holy Father, or a means of escape in case of danger.

In this year several eminent Italians died ; amongst them the Marchese Gualterio, one of the most devoted friends of the House of Savoy, and the Cavaliere Desambrois, who had presided in the councils of Charles Albert at the promulgation of the *Statuto*. The 'makers' of Italy were fast dropping off, and Victor Emmanuel was left almost alone of the noble band who had rallied round his throne in the time of trial and danger. He felt it deeply. 'I am not yet old, and all the friends of my youth are passing away,' he said sadly. La Marmora and the king had become estranged in the days of prosperity and peace, having clung to each other faithfully in the time of misfortune. We do not pretend to say whose fault it was, but it must have saddened the last few years of these two gallant warm-hearted soldiers, who had made the campaign of life together, to be divided at the end.

In 1876 the two emperors returned the visit the King of Italy had made them three years before. In consideration for the Pope's feelings Victor Emmanuel could not receive his visitors in Rome, so they were asked to select whatever other city in the kingdom they liked.

The Emperor of Austria, with 'exquisite courtesy,' chose Venice as the spot of Italian soil on which to renew his pledge of friendship to Victor Emmanuel. If he went to Rome the Pope would be offended, if to Florence or Naples he would hurt the feelings of his dispossessed relations. Choosing Venice he hurt nobody but himself.

Victor Emmanuel was quite touched by this magnanimity, because he knew Francis Joseph had selected Venice of a set purpose. There was Turin in which the king could have received his guest without awakening any unpleasant recollections. 'It is an act of self-abnegation,' he said, 'of which I do not believe I should be capable.'

All the more warm was the welcome he wished to give him in the city of the Lagunes. He felt a little uneasy lest the reception of the emperor by the Venetians should not be all he wished, but there was no need of anxiety on this point. The king walked up and down the platform with feverish impatience, looking up the line every few minutes. When the train stopped, and the emperor sprang out, the first face that presented itself was that of his 'dear friend, ally, and brother.' The sovereigns kissed each other on the lips, and walked arm in arm out of the station. Wherever they appeared they seemed anxious to show the people what sincere confiding friends old enemies can become when once reconciled. And the Venetians left nothing undone on their part that might please and honour the guest of their king. The city authorities spared no expense, and the

people received the emperor, who had been to them the personification of the *Straniero* so long hated, with loud and hearty applause. Did the Kaiser remember all the hard names he was called in those days when the king and he exchanged messages of fierce defiance? If so, the memory was quickly drowned in the uproarious rejoicings with which he was now welcomed as a guest in that city over which he once ruled. The Italian tricolour which floated from the towers and windows was intertwined with the yellow and black of Austria; the bands played the national tunes of both countries, and various emblematical devices expressed a complete wiping out of the old feud, and cordial reconciliation.

In the October of the same year the Emperor William came to visit Italy, and stopped in Milan. With him there were no awkward reminiscences to be thrust in the background. Milan was devoted to King Victor, and was proud of the opportunity of displaying her loyalty by doing honour to his illustrious guest. And the king was proud of 'his Milanese, who always did things with spirit.' When driving from the station he ordered the soldiers not to impede the crowd from approaching the royal carriage, that the emperor and the people might see each other; and at a review where they were on horseback, the military gave way and allowed the multitude to surround the sovereigns, whom they greeted with enthusiastic cheers, which were very cordially responded to by both.

On November 8, 1876, after a lingering illness of three

these battles for our civil regeneration, my voice will find a response in noble sacrifices and glorious victories.

This was the last time that the voice of *il Re Galantuomo* was heard to resound in the Legislative Assembly.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VICTOR EMMANUEL IN PRIVATE LIFE. A.D. 1877.

VICTOR EMMANUEL had always been a man of the simplest tastes and habits, and his residence in Rome had in no way changed his mode of life. He rose at a little past four o'clock summer and winter, and took a small cup of coffee before going out for his morning walk. In the shooting season he never went without his gun and dogs; his favourite of the canine species being an English terrier called 'Milord,' a creature of extraordinary sagacity and devotion, and as a protection to his master as good as a regiment of soldiers. When the king died the poor dog, tied up in his house, sent forth the most pitiful cries, and refusing his food almost perished of hunger. On returning from the country the king transacted business of various kinds until his simple breakfast between eleven and twelve o'clock, which was also his dinner, for he tasted nothing more till he took a light supper at a late hour. He then rested for an hour or two, and afterwards resumed his multifarious correspondence public and private sorts and con-

ditions of men, from foreign princes and statesmen down to the meanest artisan in the city. In the afternoon he generally drove through the town and appeared at the fashionable promenade on the Pincian Hill ; after which more business was gone through, and late in the evening he drove to the Villa Mirafiore, a beautiful house a short distance from Rome, which he had built for his countess, on whom he bestowed every luxury. It is said that Victor Emmanuel repented of his union with this lady when he recovered from the fever. Be this as it may, after the ceremony of marriage had taken place, though it was in no way legally binding, he always spoke of her and regarded her as his wife. Unless the king were detained at the theatre or a reception or family reunion at the Quirinal, he generally passed the evening with one or two intimate friends at his country home. He supped about ten or eleven o'clock, retired at midnight, was up at the dawn, had two or three hours hard exercise, and was installed in his city palace, ready for work, before many of his subjects had opened their eyes.

A small plainly furnished suite of apartments on the ground floor was all Victor Emmanuel occupied of the magnificent palace of the Quirinal, except on state occasions. With the exception of his military uniforms, which were of necessity handsome, his wardrobe was the scantiest which a gentleman could be supposed to manage with by rigid economy. He wore the same cloth, colour, and texture all the year round—grey for morning and black for evening. He seldom had more

than one suit of each, and wore them till they were shabby, which caused a Neapolitan boy to remark, 'The ministry load us with taxes, and yet they have not the heart to buy Vittorio a new pair of pantaloons!'

The king laughed heartily when he heard the observation. The only thing he was particular about was his linen, and of that he liked a great quantity and fine quality. When he was going to Berlin and Vienna, his gentlemen-in-waiting told him that his wardrobe required replenishing. The king replied, 'Very well; order what is necessary.' 'But your majesty *must* have your measure taken this time, for they are very elegant at Berlin and Vienna.'

'What a nuisance! Ask Baron — to be kind enough to have his measure taken for me; he is about my size,' was the response. He never wore gloves but when he was *en grande toilette*.

Going to the theatre one night in a grey coat, the king observed that the daughter of the Emperor of Russia and the Princess Margherita were in the house. He must pay a visit to the foreign princess, and it was too late to return to the Quirinal to change his dress. 'I am all black but the coat,' he said to his attendants; 'if some one would lend me a coat!' He espied a young marquis, one of his aides-de-camp, near, and sent for him. The coat was quickly exchanged, but a white tie was still wanting. The marquis offered his, but Victor Emmanuel, seeing one of his servants at the door of the theatre, one, walked up to him, and fastened it on himself; then

brushing his hair at the glass he said, 'Do I look King of Italy?'

This familiarity, in which he occasionally indulged, did not involve a loss of dignity, for he knew how to check any undue presumption. Once a Roman noble, whose sympathies were rather with the old *régime* than the new, said, 'I wonder your majesty drives in the Corso; we Roman princes do not go.'

'And we, King of Italy, go;' replied Victor Emmanuel, with a stately dignity which he could assume when occasion required.

He was excessively punctual in all his engagements, having his time portioned out for every separate duty, and he could not tolerate the want of punctuality in others. One evening an engineer kept him waiting ten minutes, during which period his impatient temper got the better of him. He was just despatching a messenger to know if anything had happened, when the engineer made his appearance. The king walked up to him, watch in hand, saying, 'Bravo! you are ten minutes late!'

The delinquent was so crushed that he could not find a word of apology. The good-natured king, seeing this, thought his rebuke had been too sharp, and hastened to add, 'Well, I am sure it was not your fault, and I will take care that it does not occur again.' He went into the adjoining room and brought out a handsome watch, saying, 'This goes exactly with mine, so in future there shall be no difference in our time.' 'Pardon,' murmured the engineer, 'your majesty, I am so con-

fused——’ ‘Enough, the incident is forgotten; let us talk of more important things,’ said the king.

King Victor was wont to quote the words of Henry of Navarre, ‘A court without a queen is like spring-time without flowers;’ and certainly his court suffered a heavy loss in the early death of his queen, who is described by everyone who knew her as quite an ideal character. The deep attachment and respect which her husband felt for her could not have failed to have a powerful influence on his life had she been spared to him. Unhappily the removal of his guardian angel—for as such he regarded Adelaide—released Victor Emmanuel, already too much disposed to disregard the *convenances*, from the wholesome restraints of family and court life; for a court without a queen, presided over by a king who hated ceremony and etiquette, must have been wanting in some important elements. The result of this excessive liberty on a temperament such as his may be imagined. But when all has been said in just condemnation of Victor Emmanuel’s irregularities, the undoubted fact remains that public duty was never neglected nor postponed for private interest or pleasure, and that no back-door influence was permitted to bear upon state affairs; for no ideal prince, not even the British Arthur, could have a loftier sense of his kingly responsibility, or a more conscientious regard for the honour and welfare of his country.

Everyone has heard of King Victor’s inordinate love of horses, of which he had a rare supply, and spent on them much more than he could afford. We have heard

that his successor, who would not sell anything that had belonged to his father, has given some hundreds of these animals as presents to cavalry officers. He also refused to allow the nation to pay the late king's debts—which in the moment of sorrowful enthusiasm she would gladly have done—reserving that duty to himself. The king's debts, says an enthusiastic admirer, 'so far from being a blot, are much to his credit, inasmuch as the head of every state has an opportunity of amassing a large fortune if he will; and Victor Emmanuel not only did not do this, but spent much of his private patrimony, his civil list being insufficient even for a miserly sovereign, while it could not possibly be enough for a very generous one.'

The worry that all sovereigns have to support of incessant applications for help in various ways, Victor Emmanuel suffered from in an extraordinary degree. Petitioners lay in wait for him at his palace door, on his promenades, at the church door, at the door of the theatre—every place where they could catch sight of him and throw a paper into his carriage. Every post brought bushels of letters, some of them registered, containing the most pitiful tales of want, and misery, and despair, and everything that could touch a man's heart and excite his interest and curiosity. Many of these were genuine cases of distress, but many were also ingeniously devised plots to extort money from the soft-hearted king, or trap him into an intrigue. The *éclat* attaching to his public career, his well-known generosity, and—it must be owned—his reputation, for

which his enemies had spread and exaggerated beyond his deserts, made him a target for this sort of persecution to a degree above the common lot of princes. It was in vain that his faithful servants unmasked impostors, and cautioned and warned him against lending too ready an ear to every applicant; he could not turn a petitioner away unheard, and if undeserving persons sometimes got what they had no right to, on the other hand hundreds of miserable beings were relieved and sustained through some difficult crisis. Here is one of the many authentic anecdotes of Victor Emmanuel's charity:—

One evening, at the door of the theatre, a man rushed at the royal carriage with a paper in his hand crying, '*Maestà, grazia.*' The king stopped the carriage, and put out his hand to take the petition.

'Permit me one word, your majesty,' said the man.

'Even two; let us hear them,' was the gracious reply.

'Your majesty does not know me?'

'Really I have not that pleasure,' said the king.

'Sire, I am a professor in the orchestra of the Politeama, where I play the horn close to your majesty's box.'

'This gives me much pleasure, but let us come to the moral.'

'Here it is, sire. My landlord intimates that I must pay my arrears of rent, or be turned out. Imagine it, with a wife and five children. To-morrow I am to appear before the Tribunal to hear myself condemned. Your majesty, I say no more; here is the citation.'

‘Well, well, I understand ; and do you want me to go to the *prefettura* instead of you?’ asked Victor smiling.

‘Oh no, your majesty, I will go ; but going, I should like to be able to say, “here is the money, and I owe it to the generosity of my king.”’

‘Very well ; we will provide it.’

The grateful musician kissed the liberal hand which saved him from ruin, and the king entered his box and related the incident to his friends.

‘Ah,’ said Count Castellengo, the Minister of the Household, whose life was a constant struggle to check his master’s extravagance, ‘if he makes this public tomorrow, everyone who has rent to pay will come to the Quirinal for it.’

The king shrugged his shoulders, and next day the player of the horn received 300 francs.

It was not on the battle-field alone that Victor Emmanuel was always ready to expose his life for the sake of his people. Whenever a town was visited by any violent epidemic, the king, besides contributing largely to the relief of the sufferers, hastened thither to assist personally in the work.

In 1865 the cholera was raging in Naples, and the inhabitants, seized with a panic, were migrating in hundreds from the city. So much depends in this disease on the state of mind, that the terror caused by the panic increased the pestilence tenfold. It was then that the king, wishing to give courage to his afflicted subjects by an example of utter fearlessness, arrived in Naples, and

hastened, in company with the syndic and the prefect, to visit all the poor districts, which were most infected because of the dirt and squalor in which the inhabitants lived, 'where in the memory of man the least shadow of a king had never been seen,' says the narrator. A great number of the lower classes held the person of a sovereign in a sort of superstitious awe, as endowed with more than human power for good or ill; and so the presence of the benevolent king had a very efficacious effect.

In visiting the hospitals he stood beside the sick beds, and spoke encouragingly to the patients. Before one of these, already marked for death, the king stopped, and taking his frozen, damp hand, he pressed it, saying, 'Take courage, poor man, and try to recover soon.' The warm grasp of the hand, the strong cheerful voice, the recognition of the king's face, had an agitating effect on the dying man. That evening the syndic visited the king and said: 'Your majesty's coming is a joyful omen. I am happy to tell you that the doctors report a diminution of the disease in the course of the day, and your majesty has unawares worked a miracle. The man you saw this morning stretched for death, is out of danger this evening. The doctors say that the excitement of your presence caused a salutary crisis.'

'I am so glad. But what fun! If they spread the report that I work miracles I am afraid the Neapolitans will divide me in pieces in order to reduce me to relics,' said the king.

Victor F

l hac'

norous way of re-

lating little anecdotes, which amused his friends more from the manner of telling them than the matter. One day when he was on a journey the train stopped for a few minutes at a little country station in a very remote district, where probably the shadow of a king had never been seen. On the platform the syndic appeared, elegantly 'got up' for the occasion. The king, seeing the good man 'exhausting himself in bows,' beckoned him to approach the carriage-window.

'I presume, signore, that you are the syndic. I congratulate you,' said his majesty; and after some further remarks he opened his huge cigar-case, which he had always at hand, and offered him one of his havannahs.

'No, sire, I never could have the boldness to put my hand in your majesty's cigar-case.'

'I pray you accept; do me the pleasure,' said the king persuasively, taking out a cigar and putting it into the hand of the modest syndic.

'Sire,' said he, kissing the royal hand, 'this cigar shall be the chief glory of my *comune*. I shall smoke this cigar the rest of my life.'

Victor was a great smoker. In the Summer Theatre at Naples there was put up once a prohibition against smoking, which displeased the king, and he ordered it to be taken down. Then he lit a cigar, and offered some to his suite; whereupon all the men in the theatre began to smoke.

'Behold, sire,' observed one of the courtiers, 'how quickly the example of royalty is followed.'

‘When it is a bad example, yes,’ was the keen rejoinder.

Victor Emmanuel had a passion for hunting; he never seemed in such good spirits as when he was inhaling the keen mountain air, and clambering over Alpine snows, where he outdid everyone in daring feats of agility. He never could be persuaded to wear flannel, or put on an overcoat or mantle. In these mountain excursions he slept under canvas in the severest weather, regardless of all discomforts. On Sundays a priest was brought from the nearest village, and a little temporary altar erected in the king’s tent for religious service, in which he expected all his following to assist; for Victor Emmanuel was not, as he once said to the French ambassador, a *mauvais chrétien*. He revered everything sacred, he never used profane language, and we are told by one who knew him intimately, that ‘it hurt his nerves to hear anyone swear.’

The king used to send the produce of the chase as presents to strangers in the neighbourhood; and once there was assembled not far off from the mountain in which the royal hunting-party were stationed, a number of young artists and authors, who on receiving a gift from the king thanked him in comic verse and sketches, which pleased him much. He invited them all to spend a day or two with him, and received them with such a hearty hospitality, such *bonhomie*, such fun and wit, that the will n t the pleasure of that moun l free from the cares of s r) nalities of court

life, Victor Emmanuel was like a schoolboy in vacation ; no danger could daunt him, no fatigue could depress his spirits. He has often gone the whole day without food, having taken nothing but a cup of coffee early in the morning, and not returned to supper till a late hour in the evening.

Senator Plezza relates an amusing little anecdote which is characteristic of Victor Emmanuel. Just at the beginning of the war of 1859 Signor Plezza was appointed governor of Alessandria ; but, on hearing that the Emperor of the French was expected to call there, begged to be excused, on the plea that he was unfit to receive a foreign sovereign. Count Cavour said he had need of him in that post, and refused to cancel the appointment. Plezza then appealed to the king, saying that he understood nothing of etiquette, and could not represent his sovereign.

'Is it possible ?' said Victor Emmanuel.

'It is true, your majesty ; I never come to court but on public business, and I am quite ignorant of the etiquette necessary for such an occasion.'

'You understand absolutely nothing of etiquette ?' asked the king again.

'Nothing, sire.'

'Then since it is so, give me your hand. You are entirely fitted to represent me, for neither did I ever understand etiquette.'

One day one of his ministers spoke of an appointment he had just made to some public office. The king took up a publication in which the newly-appointed

gentleman, writing in the Republican interest, had formerly attacked the king in a satirical poem. 'Did you know that he was the author of this?' he asked, showing the production.

'No, your majesty; of course not. I will cancel the appointment.'

But it was not in Victor Emmanuel's leonine nature to take such a paltry revenge on the ex-republican.

'No, we will cancel the poem rather,' he said with a smile; 'let the poor devil stand.'

There was a patrician family reduced to poverty by the gambling propensities of the father, and some friend of the house introduced one of the children into the king's presence. He patted her head, kissed her, and put a small gift in her hand. Then looking round to see that no one was observing him, he took notes for a large sum and fastened them in the child's plaits, saying, 'Let no one unpin your hair but mamma; you understand, dear?'

A young French officer, maimed so as to render him unfit for service, had been nursed in the house of a gentleman at Ferrara, and during his convalescence he and the daughter of the house had fallen desperately in love; but as neither the lady nor the gentleman had any provision for the future, the case seemed hopeless. The romantic story being told to the king, he gave the officer a pension and the girl a small *dote*, to enable them to marry.

But our space is running short and we must stop, though we could relate many more anecdotes illustra-

tive of Victor Emmanuel's character in its strong and weak points. The more one studies it, the more one appreciates the just and well-balanced mind, the simple sincerity, the large-hearted humanity, of the man Victor Emmanuel, apart from his qualities as king, in which the world has acknowledged his merit.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DRAWING TO A CLOSE. A.D. 1877.

VICTOR EMMANUEL had been now seven years reigning in Rome, and notwithstanding the difficult relations between Church and State, and other trials which the young nation had to struggle against, public affairs had gone on with wonderful order and tranquillity. The heads of the Church and State reigned in their respective palaces of the Vatican and the Quirinal, each living in his world apart, as if they had been in different hemispheres.

Pius IX., after an unusually stirring, eventful career, for a churchman, had sunk into political insignificance, and the world heard little of him, if we except the small commotion caused by an occasional flock of pilgrims in the Eternal City, or the reception of a number of foreign visitors desirous of seeing with their own eyes that most interesting personage called the Prisoner of the Vatican. The Holy Father received these visitors benignly, talked pleasantly with them, gave them his benediction, and his small white hand to kiss.

Hundred anecdotes float as to how serenely —nay gave good old — his imprisonment ;

and many of his witticisms relate to his own peculiar position, as when he remarked on Garibaldi's arrival in Rome, 'We were *two* ; now we are *three*.' These *bon mots*, and an occasional allocution, were all that was heard of the Pope after the Italians took possession of the ancient capital. The bitterness of the pastorals and his private gaiety—the contrast between the ideal martyr-pope lying on a bed of straw, and the charming courtly gentleman whose green old age reposed in a home which the proudest monarch in Europe might envy, had a rather irritating effect on the Italian public mind. Pio Nono, however, was not wilfully false or deceptive, but he had a dual character : as Pope he felt it his duty to cry out about the persecutions of the Church, while as a man he was gentle and amiable, and did not feel towards Victor Emmanuel the animosity with which he was accredited. He sometimes, to the king's friends, spoke kindly of him as a *buon figliuolo*, and wrote, when occasion required, in a not unfriendly spirit. One instance will serve to show that it was as much from the influence of those around him as from principle, that Pius IX. refused all intercourse with the King of Italy. In 1872 the Pope, wishing to suppress some scandal of which he had become cognisant, wrote in his own hand, without consulting Antonelli, a letter to the king, asking him to use his authority for the removal of the said abuse. One of the Noble Guards arrived at the Quirinal, saying he had orders from the Pope to consign the letter into his majesty's hands. The king was pleased to recognise the Pope's own characters, and pleased also

with the contents ; for in that letter he acknowledged him as a constitutional sovereign, telling him to use his power as far as it went, and 'consult his ministers.' It concluded with these words, 'Full of paternal affection, I pray God for your majesty, I pray Him for Italy, and I pray Him for the Church.'

Thus in private Pio Nono's kind heart sometimes spoke, in spite of the constant guard he kept upon it. His public denunciations were for the edification of the Catholic world, which must also have been edified by the Christian humility with which Victor Emmanuel bore these public denunciations and private snubbings from the Vatican, never failing in deferential respect towards the Holy Father. And from a heretic point of view there seems something noble in the meekness with which the proud conqueror bowed before his aged and impotent foe, pleading for his friendship, and saying he was ready to abdicate if that could spare him pain. Pius IX. would have been more (or less) than man if he had not been touched by the attitude of Victor Emmanuel towards him personally ; and there is no doubt that he was, though his court was at great pains to conceal the fact.

The liberation of Rome by the monarchy had silenced those restless spirits who had so long made it their war-cry ; and Garibaldi, after sulking for years, and making common cause with the republicans, was elected deputy to the national Parliament, took a solemn oath of allegiance to the King of Italy, and in a long private audience all differences were smoothed away and the heroes reconciled. He presented himself to the great national

triumph there was a general truce to the hostilities of party, all uniting in testimonies of admiration and gratitude to the sovereign whose brave, firm hand had guided the ship of state into port. It is sometimes said of constitutional sovereigns that they *reign* but do not *govern*. Victor Emmanuel never was a royal puppet of this sort. As head of the state, he exercised his authority judiciously, and assisted his ministers with his wise, moderate counsels, balancing the extremes of opinion. Not long ago he was asked by a distinguished foreigner if his ministers were not Radical. To which he replied with a smile, 'And if they were, what matter? Am I not here? If, instead of *Radicals*, as you say, I had a ministry of *Cardinals*, things should go on in the same way.' And when some one hoped that on the occasion of the expected conclave, public matters would be conducted with tolerance and moderation, he said, 'Be tranquil; all will go well. Remember that the leader of the choir is always the same.'

Victor Emmanuel was now at the zenith of his glory; his utmost ambition was attained. He had found Italy oppressed by a host of petty tyrants, dominated by Austria, torn by lawless combinations, misjudged and condemned by the other countries of Europe. She was now a free united nation, tranquil and law-abiding, respected everywhere. At peace with all the world, beloved and honoured by his people, what was left for him to desire? He might say with the poet—

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness.

But he was not happy; and during the last few months he had been subject to unaccountable fits of melancholy. That this gloom had its origin in a feeling of dissatisfaction with himself is very probable. Notwithstanding his long and resolute struggle against clerical pretensions, Victor Emmanuel had preserved a simple child-like faith in the religion he had been taught at his mother's knee: and through all the stormy passions of his fitful career he had preserved sacred the image of his pure young wife, whose memory he revered as that of a saint. In Turin, where he passed the autumn of this year, having gone there to inaugurate a monument to his brother, the Duke of Genoa, he was heard to say more than once, 'I am not a good man, but I cannot die a bad death; she who is in heaven would not permit it.'

In the middle of November the king returned to the capital for the reopening of Parliament. Then in December he made a hasty journey to Turin to see the Countess Mirafiore, who was ill, and returned for the festivities of Christmas and New Year's day, with the intention of going back as soon as they were over. On the last day of the year 1877 Victor Emmanuel received all the foreign ministers who waited on him to exchange the compliments of the season in the name of their respective sovereigns. The following day he gave audience to deputations from both Houses of Parliament and others who presented congratulatory addresses. The king spoke cheerfully and hopefully of the future,

and bade his ministers trust always in the star of Italy.

‘The star of Italy is your majesty,’ replied Signor Depretis, at which the king smiled sadly.

They did not dream that it was his last New Year’s day ; but he was even then feeling indisposed, and in nine days after he was dead.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LAST DAYS OF VICTOR EMMANUEL. A.D. 1878.

ON New Year's day the king had not felt well ; on the 4th he was decidedly ill. On the 5th the news of General La Marmora's death arriving, gave him a great shock, and he wrote a telegram of condolence to the family, the last words he ever penned. Violent fever set in, accompanied by inflammation of the lungs, which was aggravated by his own imprudence in having got out of bed at night and gone on the balcony to cool himself. Every day the disease took more alarming proportions. Prince Umberto and the Princess Margherita were the only members of the royal family then at the Quirinal. Telegrams were sent in every direction to summon the absent ones, but too late. On the morning of the 9th the king was decidedly worse ; the utmost consternation reigned throughout the palace. The grief of the prince and princess was indescribable ; the latter had earnestly entreated to be allowed to sit all night with the patient, but her husband would not permit it. At an early hour a cardinal had come from the Vatican with ~~ki~~ ^{ies} from the Pope about the health of the r ^{bled} there was a slight

amelioration in the king's state, and Prince Umberto had a long interview with him, in which he talked so clearly and calmly that his son was inspired with a hope that the case was not so bad as the doctors believed. But very soon after the miliary eruption breaking out, the physicians judged recovery impossible, and Dr. Bruno was deputed to break the fatal intelligence to the patient. With much hesitation he made the announcement, saying that the symptoms were such that he felt it his duty to warn his majesty not to lose time in fulfilling his religious obligations. The king was propped in a half-sitting posture, with his hands folded, twirling his thumbs. He looked a little surprised, but nowise disconcerted ; he did not even cease to twirl his thumbs, and never took his unflinching eye off the doctor, as he said in Piedmontese, 'Are we come to that ?' (*Siamo lì ?*) 'Very well, I will do as you say. Call the chaplain at once.'

The court chaplain having received the king's confession, was obliged to apply to the parish priest for the sacrament, and he would not dare to give it without permission from the Vatican, which was immediately granted ; later a cardinal came with the special benediction of the Holy Father, whose good feeling at last triumphed over ecclesiastical prejudices.

As the day advanced the patient grew worse, and the time spent in obtaining the sacrament brought him very near death. He spent the interval in taking leave of his ministers and household, and then asked to be alone with his children, Umberto and Margherita. After a

private interview the attendants were recalled, and all remained present at the administration of the communion. When the priest entered with the Host, the king, who was suffering terribly, his right lung being quite destroyed, raised himself with a violent effort to a sitting posture, and inclined his head reverently. After this his strength sank rapidly, and his chest was so oppressed that he had no voice for further conversation.

There was no hope of the Queen of Portugal or the Princess Clotilde coming in time to receive their father's last farewell, but Prince Amadeo and the king's cousin, Prince Carignano, of whom he was very fond, were on their way from Turin, and expected to arrive in the evening; death, however, travelled faster than they counted for, and they came all too late. The king asked again to see Umberto, and when he approached the bedside weeping, he gazed long and fondly at him, put out his hand and murmured the one word '*Addio!*' The prince kissed the hand, kneeling, and covered it with tears. During the day the sick man had muttered broken sentences about his beloved Turin, where he had wished to die. His last words were, '*I figli, i figli!*'

At the final moment, Prince Umberto was kneeling at one side of the bed, and Count Mirafiore at the other, while the friends and attendants knelt round the chamber, and also in the anteroom, weeping silently. Dr. Bruno, who was supporting the patient's head, bent down and put his ear to his heart; it had ceased to beat. In a voice broken with emotion he made the announcement—

‘The first King of Italy is no more!’

Convulsive sobs broke from all present; and Umberto remained kneeling in an agony of grief for nearly half-an-hour, till one of the doctors drew his arm in his and led him out of the room.

The fatal news fell like a thunderbolt on the city, and for a moment it was not credited. Groups of people gathered in the streets with pale, frightened faces, and hundreds of others were seen rushing from all parts to the Quirinal Palace, where a dense, agitated crowd filled the piazza from four o’clock in the afternoon till a late hour at night.

Soon, however, all doubt was at an end, and before the winter sun had set every shop was closed, and the grand old city bore an aspect of deepest mourning as for some great public calamity.

While the poor prince was still stunned by the unexpected blow, he had to attend to public business. The diplomatic body came to offer their condolences, the ministry came to tender their resignations, and being reappointed, hastened to issue a proclamation officially announcing the death of Vittorio Emanuele II., and the accession of Umberto I. to the throne of Italy. Late in the evening a proclamation from the new king appeared.

Italians, — An immense calamity has befallen us. Vittorio Emanuele, the founder and uniter of the kingdom of Italy, has been taken from us. I received his last sigh, which was for the nation, and his last

wishes, which were for the happiness of his people.

His voice, which will always resound in my heart, imposes on me the task of vanquishing my sorrow, and points out to me my duty. At this moment there is but one consolation possible for us, that is, to show ourselves worthy of him : I, by following in his footsteps ; you, by remaining devoted to those civic virtues by the aid of which he succeeded in accomplishing the difficult task of rendering Italy great and united. I shall be mindful of the grand example he gave me of devotion to our country, love of progress, and faith in Liberal institutions, which are the pride of my house. My sole ambition will be to deserve the love of my people.

Italians,—Your first king is dead. His successor will prove to you that constitutions do not die. Let us unite in this hour of great sorrow, and let us strengthen that concord which has heretofore been the salvation of Italy.

UMBERTO.

Victor Emmanuel's failings are as well known as his virtues ; he was a man who scorned hypocrisy, and

That fierce light which beats upon a throne

struck with a more sinister glare on the throne of Italy than that of older monarchies, laying bare remorselessly to the eyes of the world the faults of the sovereign, faults which his clerical detractors loved to dwell on and

magnify, but which his people forgave, remembering all they owed him.

Nor is it to be wondered at that nothing but hymns of praise should be raised over the lately closed tomb upon which a nation still mourns with heartfelt sorrow the liberator and father of his country.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FUNERAL.

THE Pope is reported to have said that Victor Emmanuel died like a *cristiano, rè, e galantuomo*; and certain it is that the clerical organs generally supposed to express the sentiments of the Vatican breathed nothing but Christian charity in the notices of the king's death, while the popular journals poured forth the most passionate laments. One clerical paper in Venice ventured on some offensive comment, which caused the populace to break into the office and destroy the printing-press.

The grief of the other cities and provinces was not less than that felt in the capital. In Piedmont it was deeper; for Victor Emmanuel, liberator and regenerator of all Italy, and as such beloved and revered, never could be to all the Italians what he was to his faithful Subalpines, who had known him from infancy, and shared all the struggles of his early manhood.

Telegrams expressing the most ardent sympathy with the royal family poured in from every town in Italy, and everywhere the demonstrations of national grief were solemn and touching.

On the 16th Parliament met, and the aged minister, Signor Depretis, announced to a crowded and agitated

House the public misfortune. Again and again the old man's speech was interrupted by tears ; and in those painful pauses in which the words seemed to choke him, the deputies were also overpowered with emotion.

If in history there exists a sovereign who has merited the title of *Padre della Patria*, that sovereign is without doubt Victor Emmanuel. Member of his Parliament since he ascended the throne, thrice member of his council, I had rather that my life had not been prolonged to see the dreadful day when the great author of Italian independence disappears in the darkness of the tomb. . . . I cannot now speak of the great, the inimitable qualities of the deceased ; but I will say that a death more serene, more confident and manly, it is impossible to imagine. The body succumbed, but the soul remained, the soul of patriot and soldier ; the last look he rested on our faces was so calm !

Here the speaker broke down ; and many of the deputies and many occupants of the crowded galleries, were seen to wipe away their tears. In the Senate Chamber a similar scene took place. When the president began to speak all the senators rose to their feet and remained standing, while he delivered a brief but often interrupted eulogium on the dead, in the midst of a profound emotion. 'The lips are mute,' he said, 'but the heart bleeds. On the remains of the father of his country I can but weep as Italy weeps.'

Senators, deputies, and soldiers, who only knew Victor Emmanuel as king, wept his loss : but the grief

felt by his household and intimate friends was still deeper. It was touching to see the heart-broken faces of the officers who guarded the remains of their dead sovereign when he lay in state in the chapel of the Quirinal; and General Medici, the king's aide-de-camp, was so overpowered with grief on the morning of the funeral, that he had to be assisted to his horse, to take his place in the procession. What Victor Emmanuel's own children experienced may be better imagined than described—and none felt the blow so heavily as the heir to the throne. We never saw a man so broken down by grief as he was when he went to receive the allegiance of the troops and to take the oath to the Constitution, the only occasions on which he appeared in public for a month after the death of his father.

Great diversity of opinion existed as to the place of interment, the royal family and ministers being much divided on the subject. Most of them, however, were of opinion that the first King of Italy ought to be buried in the capital, and the Romans were clamorous to have him sepulchred in the Pantheon. On the other hand King Victor loved Turin, and was loved by his Piedmontese subjects with the romantic loyalty of bygone days; it was hard to slight them for the Romans. Rome conquered however; and the citizens of the favoured capital sent an address to the citizens of Turin, asking them, for the sake of united Italy, for which they had already made so many sacrifices, to make this sacrifice also, and waive their claims. The Turin people were not softened; they had been de-

prived of their king in life, and in death they thought he ought to have been theirs ; he was their fellow-citizen, reared amongst them ; he was the descendant of their ancient line of princes, who were all buried at Superga, and no city had a prior claim to Turin. They rose in a wild demonstration of grief and anger, and compelled the authorities to send a deputation to Rome to demand the body of their late sovereign. The young king was gratified, but at the same time embarrassed by these passionate demonstrations of affection for his father. He was deeply moved by the address of the deputation, and explained in broken accents, that the Romans had asked, and must have, the king's body : it was a heavy sacrifice to him and all his family, to give up the idea of carrying their father's remains to the tomb of their ancestors ; but private feelings must yield to national interests. He would bestow on the city of Turin the king's sword, helmet, and medals. Immediately after the funeral, Prince Amadeo carried these precious relics to Turin ; they were received by the syndic and municipality with tears of gratitude, and the following day seventeen thousand persons went to look at them.

During the eight days that elapsed before the funeral, all business was suspended in Rome ; the shops and offices were closed, and from almost every house the tricolour bound with crape was hung out. In the streets were vast crowds of people dressed in mourning ; some eagerly reading the black-bordered journals and proclamations, and others gathered in knots conversing in low sad tones. The one all-absorbing theme was Victor

Emmanuel ; nothing else could be spoken of or thought of during that week of intense excitement and agitation.

On January 17, at ten o'clock, the funeral *cortège* left the Quirinal, its departure being announced by the firing of cannon. As early as seven o'clock the streets were lined with military, and the crowds were gathering so densely that it was with difficulty one could push through them to the Corso. All along the line of march every window, door, and balcony was draped in mourning, the tricolour with its crape pendant drooping sadly from the different storeys of the houses and public buildings. The crowds of ladies and gentlemen who filled the windows and balconies were dressed in black, and provided with wreaths and bouquets of rarest flowers to throw upon the hearse. At the cross streets where carriages had to break up the crowds, the *Bersaglieri* stood three deep with drawn swords ; but the behaviour of the multitude was admirable.

After two hours' waiting the procession came in view at the far end of the Corso, moving slowly to the sound of a funeral march, composed especially for the occasion. A battalion of infantry with its band passed, then a body of cavalry, and after that there was a break of fifteen minutes or so, when the procession reappeared in a never-ending flood of military. Regiment after regiment poured into the street, and moved slowly past, in all their different varieties of uniform, making a brilliant spectacle: dark blue slashed with red, light blue with silver cord, gold and silver epaulettes, shining helmets, plumes of white ostrich feathers, of cock's

feathers, of white horse-hair, of black horse-hair — plumes of every colour and variety.

The men did not walk abreast, but in a loose broken mass, which rather heightened the brilliant effect. They were from all parts of Italy, of every age and rank: grizzled veterans¹ who had fought with King Charles Albert and the Duke of Savoy in 1848-9, whose medals, doubtless, covered honourable scars; men in the prime of life also adorned with military decorations, and beardless cadets who had their honours yet to win.

After the military came the syndics of Rome and Turin, with the civil functionaries; then followed the representatives of the schools of arts and sciences, all in plain black; four hundred deputies and two hundred senators next made their appearance; and then an imposing group of officers commanding by land and sea, the uniforms and decorations, which are strikingly picturesque, contrasting with the mass of black-coated gentlemen in front. Very fine also were the judges in their crimson velvet togas. The clergy, eighteen in number, preceded by a white cross on a black field, then appeared; and were followed by the gorgeous display of the foreign ambassadors, and the not less striking habiliments of the knights of the Santissima Annunciata — crimson velvet mantles trimmed with ermine.

When this blaze of gorgeous colouring had passed, a solitary horseman appeared, holding aloft a drawn sword, on which was inscribed, '*Viva Carlo Alberto! 1848.*'

¹ Amongst the old officers we saw General Durando, the brave commander who led the papal army in '48.

There was a look of settled sorrow in the old officer's face, but he sat his splendid charger with grace and dignity. It was General Medici, bearing the dead hero's battle-blade, the same which he had wielded in many a hard-fought field in the cause of Italian independence—and the sight went home to the hearts of the people. The interest of the spectators heightened, and tears rose to many eyes when the line of princes passed, with Amadeo in the midst—Amadeo who had never recovered the brightness of youth since his ill-starred sovereignty in Spain, who had lately lost a dear wife, and who, in this last affliction, had not the consolation of receiving his father's final farewell. '*Povero Amadeo!*' was the exclamation that went round as the crowd caught sight of the pale sad face of the young general. Beside him walked the Archduke Ranieri of Austria; there was also the Prince Imperial of Prussia, whose friendship for the royal family of Italy was shown by his warm sympathy in their sorrow; there was the Prince Napoleon, the Prince of Baden, and the Crown Prince of Portugal, King Victor's little grandson, a boy of fourteen.

Two outriders in black, mounted on black horses, rode forward; and the funeral car approached and stopped for a short space, while a thrill of deep emotion shot through every heart. The multitude uncovered their heads, and the ladies and gentlemen on the balconies and in the windows bent forward to throw with trembling hands the garlands they had prepared. The hearse was an imposing sight—of enormous dimensions, with gold ornamentation on the black field, and the arms

of Savoy painted on the panels; it was open at the sides, showing the coffin, on which were laid the crown and sceptre of the defunct monarch, and the garlands sent by the Queen of England and the Emperor of Germany. Fastened on to the back of the car were wreaths of rarest flowers, tied with crape and tricoloured ribbons, while the roof was an enormous mass of verdure and flowers, contributed from the balconies on the line of march. The hearse was drawn by eight black horses covered with crape, with white and black plumes from their heads, each led by a groom. This great car moved on slowly, followed by wistful eyes; and immediately after came a groom leading an aged war-horse covered with crape. It was thirty years old, and had seen many an eventful day, for it was that horse that the young Duke of Savoy mounted on the joyful occasion when his father gave Piedmont a constitution, and it was consequently called *il cavallo dello Statuto*.

A cavalier with the Iron Crown of Lombardy on a cushion came next, and was followed by the municipality of Monza, where this precious relic is kept; then a body of ensigns bearing the colours of the different regiments. At this moment it was a splendid spectacle; in front the funeral car with its following of officers of the royal household, and behind, as far as the eye could reach along the Corso, one sea of waving banners, the brilliant tricolour all draped with crape. Next came the scientific bodies; they were followed by 450 Turinese students, then Roman students, then municipal bodies from the provinces. These last would have made a respectable

funeral procession in themselves, and it was a strong testimony to the sentiments of the nation that every remote mountain village, in spite of the poverty of the times, subscribed funds and sent its representatives with handsome banners and wreaths to the funeral of the great king.

There were not less than 200 civic flags from the provinces. Many magnificent garlands were borne on the tops of the flagstaffs, but the masterpiece of beauty was one carried by the Roman shopkeepers, of enormous dimensions, composed of the rarest white flowers, bordered with green, and tied with gold cord and tassels mingled with crape; it was attached to a broad banner on which was embroidered in huge letters—

ALLA SACRA MEMORIA DEL RÈ GALANTUOMO.

The piazza in front of the church presented a grand *coup d'œil*, with all the houses hung in black and white, the national colours waving from the balconies, great flagstaffs planted as thick as forest trees all round the square, which was lined with a picked body of military, among which were the king's Life Guards in their picturesque white uniform with mail breastplates and helmets. These formed a hollow square round the processionists as the principal bodies filed into the church, and the rest who could not enter filled the great piazza to

A far more important element on the decorations of the funeral was the result was but a high degree of notwithstanding

standing that the severe simplicity of the architecture of this vast temple rendered a tasteful ornamentation difficult. On the top of the façade was a huge spread eagle flanked by two winged figures of Fame blowing trumpets; the front was all covered with paintings in imitation of bas-reliefs in bronze; the roof of the portico, from which hung great bronze lamps, was covered with black cloth starred with silver, and the sides adorned with arms of all sorts. Over the great door in large gold letters was the inscription :—

A VITTORIO EMANUELE II. PADRE DELLA PATRIA.

Underneath—

ITALIA CON ORGOGLIO DI MADRE, CON DOLORE
DI FIGLIA, PREGA AL GRAN RÈ,
CHE FU CITTADINO FEDELE, E SOLDATO
VITTORIOSO, L'IMMORTALITÀ DEI GIUSTI
E DEGLI EROI.

In the middle of the great circular temple rose the enormous catafalque, square in form, divided into three storeys, each one a degree smaller as they went up, the top one being covered with a crimson cloth and surrounded by six grand figures, which the Italian authorities wished to represent the chief cities of Italy, but which the clergy insisted on being called cardinal virtues. After some discussion they were named as follows: Magnanimity, Fortitude, Justice, Liberty, Prudence, Loyalty; qualities to which, in the abstract, no one could take exception. At the corners of the basement were lions couchant, and on each division of the structure were

placed immense *candelabri* lit up with wax-tapers. The catafalque reached almost to the lofty dome, and all the sides of it were covered with exquisitely wrought garlands of every description, presented by the different cities and provinces of Italy. The walls of the church were draped in black with gold ornamentation. At each side of the altars, over a base on which were emblazoned the arms of Savoy, were large *candelabri*. The great circular window in the centre of the vault was veiled over with a transparency in the midst of which shone the star of Savoy, the surrounding roof being black, spangled with transparent stars. The effect of the whole was indescribably grand and impressive.

At the door of the church the priests received the coffin and accompanied it up the steps of the catafalque till it was deposited on the summit, the crown, sword, and sceptre, which had been carried with the defunct monarch, being laid upon it ; and beside these emblems of sovereignty was placed the garland sent by Queen Victoria to be laid on the bier of her old ally. When the funeral *cortège* departed the great surging multitude were permitted to enter and look their last at the remains of the man who had given them national life and liberty.

In the evening the church was closed, and at 10 o'clock the ministers and officers of state assembled privately to lay their king in his last resting-place. There was a profound stillness in the church. The priests stood at the high altar beside the open tomb, in front of which was a silent group of mourners. The officers and men who guarded Victor Emmanuel in this

last watch stood round the catafalque, motionless as statues, till the order was given to 'ground arms,' when the clash of the weapons on the pavement broke the awful silence which reigned in the church. When the coffin was placed in the grave all knelt while the priests chanted the burial service. A silence followed, broken only by the click of the mason's trowel walling in the tomb. Then the benediction was said and the mourners departed, leaving *il Rè Galantuomo* to sleep in peace.

King Humbert said in a proclamation, 'Romans, I commit to your charge what I hold most sacred on earth; prove yourselves worthy of the trust.' And the Romans replied with one voice, 'It is as sacred to us as to you; we will be worthy.'

We believe [said the *Popolo Romano*], that we are interpreting a sentiment which will remain indelible in the souls of the Romans, that is, gratitude. Rome, even though she was the last to enter in the great family, after having witnessed the immense affection that the Italians bear to the king and to his dynasty, knows what a sacred deposit is confided to her, and she has the conscience to preserve it scrupulously. Though the last in time, she shall be first from this day henceforth in the love that binds all Italy to her king, and of this love she has yesterday given ample proofs before Europe.

In the loyal demonstrations which the attempted assassination of Humbert last November called forth, there was one little incident expressive of popular sentiment

in Rome worthy of remark. The city had been suffering from a severe inundation, the Tiber had left its deposit of yellow mud in the streets, and the Pantheon was still more or less surrounded by water, the weather was bitterly cold, when about fifty or sixty thousand Romans who had assembled to make a loyal demonstration expressive of their horror and indignation at the attempted crime, marched through the streets nearly all night, with bands playing the royal march, etc.; and when they had gone from the Quirinal to the Capitol, where the syndic brought out the king's bust to please the excited crowd and made a speech to them, they all turned with one accord, and without any preconcerted arrangement, to the Pantheon to do honour to the memory of the dead king, and walked round the church in solemn silence.

We do not believe there ever was a monarch whose death called forth such spontaneous demonstrations of loyal affection, or who was followed to the grave by such profound sorrow. With the exception of Garibaldi, he was the last of that noble band of patriots who initiated in North Italy the work of Italian independence. And with the death of her chivalrous king the nation feels the romance of her youth is passed. She now enters on a new and more prosaic era—let us hope a happier and more peaceful one—under a sovereign who has already proved himself a worthy successor of *il Rè Galantuomo*. And though the heart of the Italian nation is still 'in the coffin there with Cæsar,' it is the just inheritance of Cæsar's son.

May he live to deserve it. and enjoy it !

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